THE FORUM

FOR FEBRUARY 1915

POEMS

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

I

THE OPEN QUESTION

WHEN I am dead and gone, sweetheart, this restless world shall be
A little darker, emptier, more drear, a little space;
Till life that gave you grace to love shall teach your eyes to see
A little more, a moment, dear, before they fill your place.

And if I knew the end of all, the hour my light went out,
To-morrow or to-night, maybe—you wonder what I'd do;
And should I march alone to death and meet him with a shout;
Or should I shudder here at home and creep and cling to you?

You could not love a coward, dear, if war were round our walls;
And war is ever round the world, and all God's soldiers go
Up to the last grim firing line, and each in order falls.
I could not love your life alone, nor mine, to lose it so.

To-night may be the end of all; and after, no one knows.
I cannot hide my candle end and hoard for us alone,
When souls are sinking in the storm, from every gust that blows
The God in me that must attain, this talent all my own.

And if the end is near or far, and if we live or die
Beyond the blackness, matters not, so long as in your sight
I have stood up unterrified, and learned to testify
To all the million flames of God that mount to meet the night.

II

THE CONSTRUCTION GANG

THEY caught us in the steerage when they brought us over sea;
They tagged us with their tickets and they crowded us in cars;
They rolled us to a railhead of an empire yet to be,
One night beneath the stars.

In the blackness of the bunkhouse we were waked before the dawn,
And they gave us pick and crowbar, taught us how to heave and strike.
Where across a dusty desert two thin strands of steel were drawn,
Side by side and just alike.

We went working through the sage brush where an ocean once went dry,
In a country cursed with devils like the heavens overhead,
And they burned to scattered clinkers saw-toothed mountains round the sky,
Till the last dim cloud was dead.

To the country of the cactus we came slowly day by day.
Tie by tie were bound the levels, foot by foot we filled the grade;
And we strained the sagging cables of a power house far away
Up the road our hands had made.

And the sand storms tried to blind us, and the winds like devils danced
Till the air was black at noonday; and the desert's maddened soul
Rose to wrestle with our working and to rave. But we advanced
Step by step and grasped our goal.

For our brothers came to meet us from the mountain and the sea;
And we spliced the line at Summit, drove the spike that marked the end;
And then floated down to Frisco where the bar keep mixes free,
Just as long as luck's your friend.

We put money on the tables and our manhood on the bars,
We who made to-morrow nearer for the world that waits to ride;
Till we struggled back from brothels to the open, where the stars
See the desert doors flung wide.

III

FLEET MANŒUVRES

THEY keep their intervals as true as seasoned athletes of a team,
Trained to the minute: lean and grim and grey they glide in line ahead.
A white wave welters at each bow, and all is stirless overhead
Save trails of smoke from three tall grey funnels fall and landward stream.

Like runners breathing tensely through October's stirring air they go.
They are as vital and alive; and like the winds they seem to wake,
As packed with power that must explode; as imminent as waves that break,
And shadows long float on before their long and strong and level row.

Essential, cosmic, wonderful, in strange new beauty fit to serve
An iron purpose slowly spelled, a living sentence of the law,
That wakes the lightnings and the stars; and sterner tensions slowly draw
Through the vast void of sound and sense, and tighten every tingling nerve.

Man's old dominion over fire, his truceless conquest of the cold,
His mastery of storms and tides, his perils long in chartless seas;
His midnight battles with the brute, his wars of all the centuries;
Their shifting turrets still conceal, their lips of steel in silence hold.

All speak in thunder when at last the flagship's salvoes shake the air.
Precise and searching, shot on shot the target strikes. Her soul set free
Like heroes' hearts in battle born, by smoke wreaths haloed splendidly,
Drifts down the line, as ship on ship to God begins its iron prayer.

Ship after ship makes offering of discipline and fitness trained
To peril's service; ship on ship thunders the law that all obey
In war and peace, whose God is strength and larger wisdom day by day.
Ship after ship in silence goes to goals that yesterday ordained.

Twelve steel cathedrals of to-day, sail trailing incense silently
Into the west's horizon red, to sentinel a nation's sleep;
Twelve monasteries stern of men that vigils through the midnight keep;
For God, whose cities shame the land, still saves His servants on the sea.

IV

CAMP FOLLOWERS

ONCE we were as you were, children, cherished, prayed for, born to bless;
Bought with pain and labor lasting, white as April snow is white;
Fragrant as a bed of roses, living lips of happiness
Moulded by a mother's kisses, eyes of laughter and delight;
But that beauty faded early as the snow flakes in the night.

Once we were as you were, women, beasts of burden for the race;
Slaves by caves and cords imprisoned till our masters dared to sleep.
So we bore them stronger warriors, found a surer hiding place.
And the flame of life flashed upward and the ape forgot to creep,
And the mothers of our mothers learned at last to love and weep.

Once we walked in folk migrations, once with emperors we rode;
Mistresses of mighty monarchs ordering the world's advance.
Once we taught all art to triumph, in your temples we abode,
Once we smiled at minnie-singers, ordered love to lift his lance,
Setting armored squadrons spurring at a whisper or a glance.

Once we were like flames devouring, flinging men across the sea,
Licking gold from Montezumas; gold that we divide to-day
With the men that death subduing share their spoils with you and me—
You the nun, the saint, the matron; you the wife he hides away;
You his body bearing children: I his mind to mount and play.

You may pray in guarded houses: we go following his camps:
For us both he fights and triumphs. We have shared his sorest need.
Through the deserts pioneering, where defeat his ashes stamps,
Still his farthest watch fires sharing we shall nurse with hands that bleed
Sinking flames of life that falter. Deeper in his heart we read.

You despise us, you abhor us. But you copy us to-day,
Wear our dresses, learn our dances, paint your flesh that we despise
Like our own. In turn your children one by one we lure away;
And each lonely lost street walker of the nations in our eyes
Is a sentinel of heaven's host advancing to the skies.

V

MILL CHILDREN

WE have forgotten how to sing: our laughter is a godless thing: listless and loud and shrill and sly.
We have forgotten how to smile. Our lips, our voices too are vile. For each of us a living lie,
Each old, each cold, each carnal face is childhood's death and black disgrace. We are all dead before we die.

Our mothers' mothers made us so: the father that we never know in blindness and in wantonness,
Caused us to come to question you. What is it that you others do, that profit so by our distress?

If all your millions made the mill, why is it then that never still it murders us, both day and night?
You and your children softly sleep. We and our mothers vigil keep. You cheated us of all delight,
E'er our sick spirits came to birth: you made our fair and fruitful earth a nest of pestilence and blight.

Your black machines are never still, and hard, relentless as your will, they card us like the cotton waste.
And flesh and blood more cheap than they, they seize and eat and shred away, to feed the fever of your haste.

For we are waste and shoddy here, who know no God, no faith but fear, no happiness, no hope but sleep.
Half imbecile and half obscene we sit and tend each tense machine, too sick to sigh, too tired to weep,
Until the tortured end of day, when fevered faces turn away, to see the stars from blackness leap.

Hardest of all is this to bear, that somewhere in the upper air, there may be heaven, we never know.
Beyond the blackness children may from dreams of love look up to-day to hear their mothers whisper low.

But here the mill's unending roar calls us and curses more and more, God's curse on men who know Him not;
And night and morn to the Most High, we march, God's conscripts born to die, till love at last makes bright our lot;
Till in the shapes of filth and fear that you have starved and stolen here, you find the children God forgot.

VI

THE ACCOUNTANT

HERE is eternity to-day, God's body broken to your hands.
You let it slip and fall away or mould it to your soul's demands.
All things must pass, the current flows. Your vortex ring of will as well
A zero or one unit shows in man's account of heaven and hell.

Not to be nothing—I am one of millions toiling in the dark
For wages bare from sun to sun, who see far lights of life, and mark
Some muffled thunder of applause when man the master conquers time,
Out of new matter forges laws that force a million souls to climb.
God sends new prophets in our day. Darwin and Wallace pioneered
For Spencer and the rest the way, till a new heaven and earth appeared:
Crooks, Haeckel, Curie, Edison, Marconi, Metchnikoff, Carrel,
Pasteur and Ehrlich, all have won for men new issues forth from Hell;
Hell that is waste in rotting flesh, in ulcered streets and souls as well.

God writes new scriptures hour by hour. Of all his scribes I am the least.
I list men's lusts, their greed for power in ledgers black. Where soul and beast

Wrestle and writhe and rise and fall, I chart a nation's fever curve.
I cast its balance. Least of all thy scribes of truth, I also serve.

Had I the power of Parkman blind, but regent of his lifetime, then
The awful annals of the mind, this sudden rush of thought to men,
I should set forth in order, show how doubt and dogma still go back,
New searchlights through mean streets would throw, through each soul's alley, foul and black;
New antiseptics of the brain announce, in tense detail relate
How Christ has come to earth again, how God is man and masters fate.

To-day flames forth a new crusade, the last the sternest creed of all,
For man the ape by ages made, mounts to the stars; though churches fall.
He spreads his wings; his airships soar; new tremblings through the ether thrill,
New messengers of fire adore his more immense, immortal will.
One letter of that Gospel learned, one text of freedom to proclaim,
With loftier faith than e'er discerned the martyr's eye, I suffer shame:
I gave my body to be burned, I send my soul to feed the flame.

A STORY OF LAND AND SEA

LORD DUNSANY

IT is written in the Book of Wonder how Captain Shard of the bad ship *Desperate Lark,* having looted the sea-coast city Bombasharna, retired from active life; and resigning piracy to younger men, with the good will of the North and South Atlantic, settled down with a captured queen on his floating island.

Sometimes he sank a ship for the sake of old times, but he no longer hovered along the trade routes; and timid merchants watched for other men.

It was not age that caused him to leave his romantic profession; nor unworthiness of its traditions, nor gun-shot wound, nor drink; but grim necessity and *force majeure.* Five navies were after him. How he gave them the slip one day in the Mediterranean, how he fought with the Arabs, how a ship's broadside was heard in Lat. 23 N., Long. 4 E. for the first time and the last, with other things unknown to Admiralties, I shall proceed to tell.

He had had his fling, had Shard, captain of pirates, and all his merry men wore pearls in their ear-rings; and now the English fleet was after him under full sail along the coast of Spain with a good north wind behind them. They were not gaining much on Shard's rakish craft, the bad ship *Desperate Lark,* yet they were closer than was to his liking, and they interfered with business.

For a day and a night they had chased him, when off Cape St. Vincent at about six a.m. Shard took the step that decided his retirement from active life: he turned for the Mediterranean. Had he held on southwards down the African coast it is doubtful whether in face of the interference of England, Russia, France, Denmark and Spain he could have made piracy pay; but in turning for the Mediterranean he took what we may call the penultimate step of his life which meant for him settling down. There were three great courses of action invented by Shard in his youth upon which he pondered by day and brooded by

night, consolations in all his dangers, secret even from his men, three means of escape as he hoped from any peril that might meet him on the sea. One of these was the floating island that the Book of Wonder tells of; another was so fantastic that we may doubt if even the brilliant audacity of Shard could ever have found it practicable, at least he never tried it, so far as is known in that tavern by the sea in which I glean my news; and the third he determined on carrying out as he turned that morning for the Mediterranean. True he might yet have practised piracy in spite of the step that he took, a little later when the seas grew quiet; but that penultimate step was like that small house in the country that the business man has his eye on, or like some snug investment put away for old age; there are certain final courses in men's lives which after taking they never go back to business.

He turned then for the Mediterranean with the English fleet behind him, and his men wondered.

What madness was this?—muttered Bill the boatswain in Old Frank's only ear,—with the French fleet waiting in the Gulf of Lyons and the Spaniards all the way between Sardinia and Tunis: for they knew the Spaniards' ways. And they made a deputation and waited on Captain Shard, all of them sober and wearing their costly clothes; and they said that the Mediterranean was a trap, and all he said was that the north wind should hold. And the crew said they were done.

So they entered the Mediterranean, and the English fleet came up and closed the Straits, and Shard went tacking along the Moroccan coast with a dozen frigates behind him. And the north wind grew in strength. And not till evening did he speak to his crew; and then he gathered them all together, except the man at the helm, and politely asked them to come down to the hold. And there he showed them six immense steel axles and a dozen low iron wheels of enormous width, which none had seen before; and he told his crew how all unknown to the world his keel had been specially fitted for these same axles and wheels, and how he meant soon to sail to the wide Atlantic again, though not by the way of the Straits. And when they heard the name of

the Atlantic all his merry men cheered, for they looked on the Atlantic as a wide, safe sea.

And night came down and Captain Shard sent for his diver. With the sea getting up it was hard work for the diver, but by midnight things were done to Shard's satisfaction and the diver said that of all the jobs he had done,—but finding no apt comparison and being in need of a drink, silence fell on him and soon sleep and his comrades carried him away to his hammock. All the next day the chase went on with the English well in sight, for Shard had lost time overnight with his wheels and axles, and the danger of meeting the Spaniards increased every hour, and evening came when every minute seemed dangerous, yet they still went tacking on towards the east where they knew the Spaniards must be.

And at last they sighted their topsails right ahead, and still Shard went on. It was a close thing, but night was coming on, and the Union Jack which he hoisted helped Shard with the Spaniards for the last few anxious minutes, though it seemed to anger the English; but as Shard said, "There's no pleasing everyone," and then the twilight shivered into darkness.

"Hard to starboard," said Captain Shard.

The north wind which had risen all day was now blowing a gale. I do not know what part of the coast Shard steered for, but Shard knew, for the coasts of the world were to him what Margate is to some of us.

At a place where the desert rolling up from mystery and from death, yea, from the heart of Africa, emerges upon the sea, no less grand than she, no less terrible, even there they sighted the land quite close, almost in darkness. Shard ordered every man to the hinder part of the ship and all the ballast too; and soon the *Desperate Lark,* her prow a little high out of the water, doing her eighteen knots before the wind struck a sandy beach and shuddered; she heeled over a little, then righted herself and slowly headed into the interior of Africa.

The men would have given three cheers, but after the first Shard silenced them and, steering the ship himself, he made them a short speech while the broad wheels pounded slowly over the African sand doing barely five knots in a gale. The perils of

the sea, he said, had been greatly exaggerated. Ships had been sailing the sea for hundreds of years and at sea you knew what to do, but on land this was different. They were on land now and they were not to forget it. At sea you might make as much noise as you pleased and no harm was done, but on land anything might happen. One of the perils of the land that he instanced was that of hanging. For every hundred men that they hanged on land, he said, not more than twenty would be hanged at sea. The men were to sleep at their guns. They would not go far that night; for the risk of being wrecked at night was another danger peculiar to the land, while at sea you might sail from set of sun till dawn: yet it was essential to get out of sight of the sea, for if anyone knew they were there they'd have cavalry after them. And he had sent back Smerdrak (a young lieutenant of pirates) to cover their tracks where they came up from the sea. And the merry men vigorously nodded their heads though they did not dare to cheer, and presently Smerdrak came running up and they threw him a rope by the stern. And when they had done fifteen knots they anchored, and Captain Shard gathered his men about him and standing by the land-wheel in the bows, under the large and clear Algerian stars he explained his system of steering. There was not much to be said for it; he had with considerable ingenuity detached and pivoted the portion of the keel that held the leading axle and could move it by chains which were controlled from the land-wheel; thus the front pair of wheels could be deflected at will, but only very slightly, and they afterwards found that in a hundred yards they could turn their ship only four yards from her course. But let not captains of comfortable battleships, or owners even of yachts, criticise too harshly a man who was not of their time and who knew not modern contrivances; it should be remembered also that Shard was no longer at sea. His steering may have been clumsy, but he did what he could.

When the use and limitations of his land-wheel had been made clear to his men, Shard bade them all turn in except those on watch. Long before dawn he woke them, and by the very first gleam of light they got their ship under way, so that when those two fleets that had made so sure of Shard closed in like a

great crescent on the Algerian coast there was no sign to see of the *Desperate Lark* either on sea or land; and the flags of the Admiral's ship broke out into a hearty English oath.

The gale blew for three days and, Shard using more sail by daylight, they scudded over the sands at little less than ten knots, though on the report of rough water ahead (as the look-out man called rocks, low hills or uneven surface before he adapted himself to his new surroundings) the rate was much decreased. Those were long summer days, and Shard, who was anxious while the wind held good to outpace the rumor of his own appearance, sailed for nineteen hours a day, lying to at ten in the evening, and hoisting sail again at three a.m. when it first began to be light.

In those three days he did five hundred miles; then the wind dropped to a breeze though it still blew from the north, and for a week they did no more than two knots an hour. The merry men began to murmur then. Luck had distinctly favored Shard at first, for it sent him at ten knots through the only populous district well ahead of crowds except those who chose to run, and the cavalry were away on a local raid. As for the runners, they soon dropped off when Shard pointed his cannon, though he did not dare to fire up there near the coast; for much as he jeered at the intelligence of the English and Spanish admirals in not suspecting his manœuvre, the only one as he said that was possible in the circumstances, yet he knew that cannon had an obvious sound which would give his secret away to the weakest mind. Certainly luck had befriended him and when it did so no longer he made out of the occasion all that could be made; for instance while the wind held good he had never missed opportunities to revictual, if he passed by a village its pigs and poultry were his, and whenever he passed by water he filled his tanks to the brim, and now that he could only do two knots he sailed all night with a man and a lantern before him; thus in that week he did close on four hundred miles while another man would have anchored at night and have missed five or six hours out of the twenty-four. Yet his men murmured. Did he think the wind would last forever? they said. And Shard only smoked. It was clear that he was thinking

and thinking hard. "But what is he thinking about?" said Bill to Bad Jack. And Bad Jack answered: "He may think as hard as he likes, but thinking won't get us out of the Sahara if this wind were to drop."

And towards the end of that week Shard went to his chart-room and laid a new course for his ship a little to the east and towards cultivation. And one day towards evening they sighted a village, and twilight came and the wind dropped altogether. Then the murmurs of the merry men grew to oaths and nearly to mutiny. Where were they now? they asked, and were they being treated like poor honest men?

Shard quieted them by asking what they wished to do themselves, and when no one had any better plan than going to the villagers and saying that they had been blown out of their course by a storm Shard unfolded his scheme to them.

Long ago he had heard how they drove carts with oxen in Africa, oxen were very numerous in these parts wherever there was any cultivation, and for this reason when the wind had begun to drop he had laid his course for the village: that night the moment it was dark they were to drive off fifty yoke of oxen; by midnight they must all be yoked to the bows and then away they would go at a good round gallop.

So fine a plan as this astonished the men, and they all apologized for their want of faith in Shard, shaking hands with him every one.

The raid that night succeeded admirably, but ingenious as Shard was on land, and a past master at sea, yet it must be admitted that lack of experience in this class of seamanship led him to make a mistake, a slight one it is true, and one that a little practice would have prevented altogether: the oxen could not gallop. Shard swore at them, threatened them with his pistol, said they should have no food, and all to no avail: that night and as long as they pulled the bad ship *Desperate Lark* they did one knot an hour and no more. Shard's failures like everything that came his way were used as stones in the edifice of his future success; he went at once to his chart-room and worked out all his calculations anew.

The matter of the oxen's pace made pursuit impossible to

avoid. Shard therefore countermanded his order to his lieutenant to cover the tracks in the sand, and the *Desperate Lark* plodded on into the Sahara on her new course trusting to her guns.

The village was not a large one and the little crowd that was sighted astern next morning disappeared after the first shot from the cannon in the stern. At first Shard made the oxen wear rough iron bits, another of his mistakes, and strong bits too. "For if they run away," he had said, "we might as well be driving before a gale and there's no saying where we'd find ourselves"; but after a day or two he found that the bits were no good, and like the practical man he was immediately corrected his mistake.

And now the crew sang merry songs all day, bringing out mandolins and clarionettes, and cheering Captain Shard. All were jolly except the captain himself, whose face was moody and perplexed; he alone expected to hear more of those villagers; and the oxen were drinking up the water every day, he alone feared that there was no more to be had, and a very unpleasant fear that is when your ship is becalmed in a desert. For over a week they went on like this doing ten knots a day, and the music and singing got on the captain's nerves, but he dared not tell his men what the trouble was. And then one day the oxen drank up the last of the water. And Lieutenant Smerdrak came and reported the fact.

"Give them rum," said Shard, and he cursed the oxen. "What is good enough for me," he said, "should be good enough for them"; and he swore that they should have rum.

"Aye, aye, sir," said that young lieutenant of pirates.

Shard should not be judged by the orders he gave that day; for nearly a fortnight he had watched the doom that was coming slowly towards him, discipline cut him off from anyone that might have shared his fear and discussed it, and all the while he had had to navigate his ship, which even at sea is an arduous responsibility. These things had fretted the calm of that clear judgment that had once baffled five navies. Therefore he cursed the oxen and ordered them rum, and Smerdrak had said "Aye, aye, sir" and gone below.

Towards sunset Shard was standing on the poop, thinking of death; it would not come to him by thirst; mutiny first, he thought. The oxen were refusing rum for the last time, and the men were beginning to eye Captain Shard in a very ominous way; not muttering, but each man looking at him with a side-long look of the eye, as though there were only one thought among them all that had no need of words. A score of geese like a long letter V were crossing the evening sky; they slanted their necks and all went twisting downwards somewhere about the horizon. Captain Shard rushed to his chart-room. And presently the men came in at the door, with Old Frank in front looking awkward and twisting his cap in his hand.

"What is it?" said Shard, as though nothing were wrong.

Then Old Frank said what he had come to say: "We want to know what you be going to do?"

And the men nodded grimly.

"Get water for the oxen," said Captain Shard, "as the swine won't have rum; and they'll have to work for it, the lazy beasts. Up anchor!"

And at the word water a look came into their faces like when some wanderer suddenly thinks of home.

"Water!" they said.

"Why not?" said Captain Shard. And none of them ever knew that but for those geese, that slanted their necks and suddenly twisted downwards, they would have found no water that night nor ever after, and the Sahara would have taken them as she has taken so many and shall take so many more. All that night they followed their new course: at dawn they found an oasis and the oxen drank.

And here, on this green acre or so with its palm trees and its well beleaguered by thousands of miles of desert and holding out through the ages, here they decided to stay: for those who have been without water for a while in one of Africa's deserts come to have for that simple fluid such a regard as you, O reader, might not easily credit. And here each man chose a site where he would build his hut, and settle down, and marry perhaps, and even forget the sea; when Captain Shard having filled his tanks and barrels peremptorily ordered them to weigh an-

chor. There was much dissatisfaction, even some grumbling, but when a man has twice saved his fellows from death by the sheer freshness of his mind they come to have a respect for his judgment that is not shaken by trifles. It must be remembered that in the affair of the dropping of the wind, and again when they ran out of water, these men were at their wits' end; so was Shard on the last occasion, but that they did not know. All this Shard knew and he chose this occasion to strengthen the reputation that he had in the minds of the men of that bad ship by explaining to them his motives, which usually he kept secret. The oasis he said must be a port of call for all the travellers within hundreds of miles; how many men did you see gathered together in any part of the world where there was a drop of whisky to be had! and water here was rarer than whisky in decent countries and, such was the peculiarity of the Arabs, even more precious. Another thing he pointed out to them, the Arabs were a singularly inquisitive people and if they came upon a ship in the desert they would probably talk about it; and the world having a wickedly malicious tongue would never construe in its proper light their difference with the English and Spanish fleets, but would surely side with the strong against the weak.

And the men sighed and sang the capstan song and hoisted the anchor and yoked the oxen up, and away they went doing their steady knot, which nothing could increase. It may be thought strange that with all sail furled, in dead calm and while the oxen rested, they should have cast anchor at all. But custom is not easily overcome and long survives its use. Rather inquire how many such useless customs we ourselves preserve; the flaps for instance to pull up the tops of hunting boots though the tops no longer pull up, the bows on our evening shoes that neither tie nor untie. They said they felt safer that way, and there was an end of it.

Shard laid a course of south by west and they did ten knots that day, the next day they did seven or eight and Shard hove to. Here he intended to stop, they had huge supplies of fodder on board for the oxen; for his men he had a pig or so, plenty of poultry, several sacks of biscuits and ninety-eight oxen (for

two were already eaten), and they were only twenty miles from water. Here he said they would stay till folks forgot their past, some one would invent something or some new thing would turn up to take folks' mind off them and the ships he had sunk; he forgot that there are men who are well paid to remember.

Half way between him and the oasis he established a little depot where he buried his water-barrels. As soon as a barrel was empty he sent half a dozen men to roll it by turns to the depot. This they would do at night, keeping hid by day, and next night they would push on to the oasis, fill the barrel and roll it back. Thus only ten miles away he soon had a store of water, unknown to the thirstiest native of Africa, from which he could safely replenish his tanks at will. He allowed his men to sing and even within reason to light fires. Those were jolly nights while the rum held out; sometimes they saw gazelles watching them curiously, sometimes a lion went by over the sand, the sound of his roar adding to their sense of the security of their ship; all round them level, immense, lay the Sahara: "This is better than an English prison," said Captain Shard.

And still the dead calm lasted, not even the sand whispered at night to little winds; and when the rum gave out and it looked like trouble, Shard reminded them what little use it had been to them when it was all they had and the oxen wouldn't look at it.

And the days wore on with singing, and even dancing at times, and at nights round a cautious fire in a hollow of sand, with only one man on watch, they told tales of the sea. It was all a relief after arduous watches and sleeping by the guns, a rest to strained nerves and eyes; and all agreed, for all that they missed their rum, that the best place for a ship like theirs was the land.

This was in Latitude 23 North, Longitude 4 East, where, as I said, a ship's broadside was heard for the first time and the last. It happened this way.

They had been there several weeks and had eaten perhaps ten or a dozen oxen and all that while there had been no breath of wind and they had seen no one: when one morning about two bells when the crew were at breakfast the look-out man reported

cavalry on the port side. Shard who had already surrounded his ship with sharpened stakes ordered all his men on board, the young trumpeter who prided himself on having picked up the ways of the land sounded "Prepare to receive cavalry," Shard sent a few men below with pikes to the lower port-holes, two more aloft with muskets, the rest to the guns; he changed the grape or canister, with which the guns were loaded in case of surprise, for shot; cleared the decks; drew in ladders; and before the cavalry came within range everything was ready for them. The oxen were always yoked in order that Shard could manœuvre his ship at a moment's notice.

When first sighted the cavalry were trotting but they were coming on now at a slow canter, Arabs in white robes on good horses. Shard estimated that there were two or three hundred of them. At sixty yards Shard opened with one gun; he had had the distance measured, but had never practised for fear of being heard at the oasis: the shot went high. The next one fell short and ricocheted over the Arabs' heads. Shard had the range then, and by the time the ten remaining guns of his broadside were given the same elevation as that of his second gun the Arabs had come to the spot where the last shot pitched. The broadside hit the horses, mostly low, and ricocheted on amongst them; one cannon-ball, striking a rock at the horses' feet, shattered it and sent fragments flying amongst the Arabs with the peculiar scream of things set free by projectiles from their motionless, harmless state, and the cannon-ball went on with them with a great howl; this shot alone killed three men.

"Very satisfactory," said Shard rubbing his chin.

"Load with grape," he added sharply.

The broadside did not stop the Arabs or even reduce their speed, but they crowded in closer together as though for company in their time of danger, which they should not have done. They were four hundred yards off now, three hundred and fifty; and then the muskets began, for the two men in the crow's nest had thirty loaded muskets besides a few pistols; the muskets all stood round them leaning against the rail; they picked them up and fired them one by one. Every shot told, but still the Arabs came on. They were galloping now. It took some time

to load the guns in those days. Three hundred yards, two hundred and fifty, men dropping all the way, two hundred yards; Old Frank for all his one ear had terrible eyes; it was pistols now, they had fired all their muskets; a hundred and fifty; Shard had marked the fifties with little white stones. Old Frank and Bad Jack up aloft felt pretty uneasy when they saw the Arabs had come to that little white stone; they both missed their shots.

"All ready?" said Captain Shard.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Smerdrak.

"Right," said Captain Shard, raising a finger.

A hundred and fifty yards is a bad range at which to be caught by grape (or "case" as we call it now); the gunners can hardly miss and the charge has time to spread. Shard estimated afterwards that he got thirty Arabs by that broadside alone, and as many horses.

There were close on two hundred of them still on their horses, yet the broadside of grape had unsettled them, they surged round the ship but seemed doubtful what to do. They carried swords or scimitars in their hands, though most had strange long muskets slung behind them; a few unslung them and began firing wildly. They could not reach Shard's merry men with their swords. Had it not been for that broadside that took them when it did, they might have climbed up from their horses and carried the bad ship by sheer force of numbers, but they would have had to be very steady, and the broadside spoiled all that. Their best course was to have concentrated all their efforts in setting fire to the ship, but this they did not attempt. Part of them swarmed all round the ship brandishing their swords and looking vainly for an easy entrance; perhaps they expected a door, they were not sea-faring people; but their leaders were evidently set on driving off the oxen, not dreaming that the *Desperate Lark* had other means of travelling; and this to some extent they succeeded in doing. Thirty they drove off, cutting the traces; twenty they killed on the spot with their scimitars, though the bow gun caught them twice as they did their work, and ten more were unluckily killed by Shard's bow gun. Before they could fire a third time from the bow the Arabs all galloped away, firing back at the oxen with their

muskets and killing three more, and what troubled Shard more than the loss of his oxen was the way that they manœuvred, galloping off just when the bow gun was ready and riding off by the port bow where the broadside could not get them, which seemed to him to show more knowledge of guns than they could have learned on that bright morning. What, thought Shard to himself, if they should bring big guns against the *Desperate Lark!* And the mere thought of it made him rail at Fate. But the merry men all cheered when they rode away. Shard had only twenty-two oxen left. And then a score or so of the Arabs dismounted while the rest rode further on leading their horses. And the dismounted men lay down on the port bow behind some rocks two hundred yards away and began to shoot at the oxen. Shard had just enough of them left to manœuvre his ship with an effort and he turned his ship a few points to the starboard so as to get a broadside at the rocks. But grape was of no use here as the only way he could get an Arab was by hitting one of the rocks with shot, behind which an Arab was lying; and the rocks were not easy to hit except by chance, and as often as he manœuvred his ship the Arabs changed their ground. This went on all day, while the mounted Arabs hovered out of range watching what Shard would do; and all the while the oxen were growing fewer, so good a mark were they; until only ten were left, and the ship could manœuvre no longer. But then they all rode off.

The merry men were delighted, they calculated that one way and another they had unhorsed a hundred Arabs, and on board there had been no more than one man wounded; Bad Jack had been hit in the wrist; probably by a bullet meant for the men at the guns, for the Arabs were firing high. They had captured a horse and had found quaint weapons on the bodies of the dead Arabs and an interesting kind of tobacco. It was evening now and they talked over the fight, made jokes about their luckier shots, smoked their new tobacco, and sang; altogether it was the jolliest evening they'd had. But Shard alone on the quarter-deck paced to and fro, pondering, brooding and wondering. He had chopped off Bad Jack's wounded hand and given him a hook out of store, for captain does doctor upon

these occasions, and Shard, who was ready for most things, kept half a dozen or so of neat new limbs, and of course a chopper. Bad Jack had gone below swearing a little and said he'd lie down for a bit, the men were smoking and singing on the sand, and Shard was there alone. The thought that troubled Shard was: What would the Arabs do? They did not look like men to go away for nothing. And at back of all his thoughts was one that reiterated, guns, guns, guns. He argued with himself that they could not drag them all that way on the sand, that the *Desperate Lark* was not worth it, that they had given it up. Yet he knew in his heart that that was what they would do. He knew there were fortified towns in Africa; and as for its being worth it, he knew that there was no pleasant thing left now to those defeated men except revenge, and if the *Desperate Lark* had come over the sand, why not guns? He knew that the ship could never hold out against guns and cavalry: a week perhaps, two weeks, even three; what difference did it make how long it was? And the men sang:

> Away we go,
> Oho, Oho, Oho!
> A drop of rum for you and me,
> And the world's as round as the letter O
> And round it runs the sea.

A melancholy settled down on Shard.

About sunset Lieutenant Smerdrak came up for orders. Shard ordered a trench to be dug along the port side of the ship. The men wanted to sing and grumbled at having to dig, especially as Shard never mentioned his fear of guns, but he fingered his pistols and in the end Shard had his way. No one on board could shoot like Captain Shard. That is often the way with captains of pirate-ships—it is a difficult position to hold. Discipline is essential to those that have the right to fly the skull-and-crossbones. Shard was the man to enforce it. It was starlight by the time the trench was dug to the captain's satisfaction and the men that it was to protect when the worst came to the worst swore all the time as they dug. And when it was finished they clamored to make a feast on some of the

killed oxen, and this Shard let them do. And they lit a huge fire for the first time, burning abundant scrub; they thinking that the Arabs daren't return, Shard knowing that concealment was now useless. All that night they feasted and sang, and Shard sat up in his chart-room making his plans.

When morning came they rigged up the cutter, as they called the captured horse, and told off her crew. As there were only two men that could ride at all these became the crew of the cutter. Spanish Dick and Bill the Boatswain were the two.

Shard's orders were that turn and turn about they should take command of the cutter and cruise about five miles off to the north-east all the day, but at night they were to come in. And they fitted the horse up with a flagstaff in front of the saddle so that they could signal from her, and carried an anchor behind for fear she should run away.

And as soon as Spanish Dick had ridden off Shard sent some men to roll all the barrels back from the depot where they were buried in the sand, with orders to watch the cutter all the time and, if she signalled, to return as fast as they could.

They buried the Arabs that day, removing their water bottles and any provisions they had, and that night they got all the water-barrels in, and for days nothing happened. One event of extraordinary importance did indeed occur, the wind got up one day: but it was due south, and as the oasis lay to the north of them and beyond that they might pick up the camel-track, Shard decided to stay where he was. If it had looked to him like lasting Shard might have hoisted sail, but it dropped at evening as he knew it would, and in any case it was not the wind he wanted. And more days went by, two weeks without a breeze. The dead oxen would not keep and they had had to kill three more; there were only seven left now.

Never before had the men been so long without rum, and Captain Shard had doubled the watch besides making two more men sleep at the guns; they had tired of their simple games, and most of their songs, and their tales that were never true were no longer new; and then one day the monotony of the desert came down upon them.

There is a fascination in the Sahara, a day there is delightful,

a week is pleasant, a fortnight is a matter of opinion, but it was running into months. The men were perfectly polite, but the boatswain wanted to know when Shard thought of moving on. It was an unreasonable question to ask of the captain of any ship in a dead calm in a desert, but Shard said he would set a course and let him know in a day or two. And a day or two went by over the monotony of the Sahara, which for monotony is unequalled by all the parts of the earth. Great marshes cannot equal it, nor plains of grass, nor the sea; the Sahara alone lies unaltered by the seasons, she has no altering surface, no flowers to fade or grow, year in year out she is changeless for hundreds and hundreds of miles. And the boatswain came again and took off his cap and asked Captain Shard to be so kind as to tell them about his new course. Shard said he meant to stay until they had eaten three more of the oxen as they could only take three of them in the hold; there were only six left now. But what if there was no wind? the boatswain said. And at that moment the faintest breeze from the north ruffled the boatswain's forelock as he stood with his cap in his hand.

"Don't talk about the wind to me," said Captain Shard: and Bill was a little frightened, for Shard's mother had been a gypsy.

But it was only a breeze astray, a trick of the Sahara. And another week went by and they ate two more oxen.

Men obeyed Captain Shard ostentatiously now, but they wore ominous looks. Bill came again and Shard answered him in Romany.

Things were like this one hot Sahara morning when the cutter signalled. The look-out man told Shard and Shard read the message. "Cavalry astern," it read, and then a little later she signalled "With guns."

"Ah," said Captain Shard.

One ray of hope Shard had; the flags on the cutter fluttered. For the first time for five weeks a light breeze blew from the north, very light, you hardly felt it. Spanish Dick rode in and anchored his horse to starboard and the cavalry came on slowly from the port.

Not till the afternoon did they come in sight, and all the while that little breeze was blowing.

"One knot," said Shard at noon. "Two knots," he said at six bells, and still it grew and the Arabs trotted nearer. By five o'clock the merry men of the bad ship *Desperate Lark* could make out twelve long old-fashioned guns on low-wheeled carts dragged by horses, and what looked like lighter guns carried on camels. The wind was blowing a little stronger now. "Shall we hoist sail, sir?" said Bill.

"Not yet," said Shard.

By six o'clock the Arabs were just outside the range of cannon and there they halted. Then followed an anxious hour or so, but the Arabs came no nearer. They evidently meant to wait till dark to bring their guns up. Probably they intended to dig a gun epaulment from which they could safely pound away at the ship.

"We could do three knots," said Shard half to himself. He was walking up and down his quarter deck with very fast short paces, and then the sun set and they heard the Arabs praying, and Shard's merry men cursed at the top of their voices to show that they were as good men as they.

The Arabs had come no nearer, waiting for night. They did not know how Shard was longing for it too, he was gritting his teeth and sighing for it, he even would have prayed, but that he feared that it might remind Heaven of him and his merry men.

Night came and the stars. "Hoist sail," said Shard. The men sprang to their places, they had had enough of that silent lonely spot. They took the oxen on board and let the great sails down; and like a lover coming from over sea, long dreamed of, long expected, like a lost friend seen again after many years, the north wind came into the pirates' sails, and before Shard could stop it a ringing English cheer went away to the wondering Arabs.

They started off at three knots and soon they might have done four, but Shard would not risk it at night. All night the wind held good, and doing three knots from ten to four they were far out of sight of the Arabs when daylight came. And

then Shard hoisted more sail and they did four knots, and by eight bells they were doing four and a half. The spirits of those volatile men rose high, and discipline became perfect. So long as there was wind in the sails and water in the tanks Captain Shard felt safe at least from mutiny. Great men can only be overthrown while their fortunes are at their lowest. Having failed to depose Shard when his plans were open to criticism and he himself scarce knew what to do next, it was hardly likely they could do it now.

Against defeat by the Arabs he did not feel so safe. It was useless to try to cover his tracks even if he had had time, the Arab cavalry could have picked them up anywhere. And he was afraid of their camels with those light guns on board; he had heard they could do seven knots and keep it up most of the day, and if as much as one shot struck the mainmast . . . and Shard taking his mind off useless fears worked out on his chart when the Arabs were likely to overtake them. He told his men that the wind would hold good for a week, and, gypsy blood or no, he certainly knew as much about the wind as is good for a sailor to know.

Alone in his chart-room he worked it out like this: mark two hours to the good for surprise and finding the tracks and delay in starting, say three hours if the guns were mounted in their epaulments; then the Arabs should start at seven. Supposing the camels go twelve hours a day at seven knots they would do eighty-four knots a day; while Shard, doing three knots from ten to four and four knots the rest of the time, was doing ninety and actually gaining. But when it came to it he wouldn't risk more than two knots at night while the enemy were out of sight, for he rightly regarded anything more than that as dangerous when sailing on land at night, so he too did eighty-four knots a day. It was a pretty race. I have not troubled to see if Shard added up his figures wrongly or if he underrated the pace of camels, but whatever it was the Arabs gained slightly, for on the fourth day Spanish Jack, five knots astern on what they called the cutter, sighted the camels a very long way off and signalled the fact to Shard. They had left their cavalry behind as Shard supposed they would. The wind

held good, they had still two oxen left, and could always eat their "cutter," and they had a fair, though not ample, supply of water; but this appearance of the Arabs was a blow to Shard, for it showed him that there was no getting away from them, and of all things he dreaded guns. He made light of it to the men: said they would sink the lot before they had been in action half an hour: yet he feared that once the guns came up it was only a question of time before his rigging was cut or his steering gear disabled.

One point the *Desperate Lark* scored over the Arabs, and a very good one too: darkness fell just before they could have sighted her, and now Shard used the lantern ahead as he dared not do on the first night when the Arabs were close, and with the help of it managed to do three knots. The Arabs encamped in the evening and the *Desperate Lark* gained twenty knots. But the next evening they appeared again, and this time they saw the sails of the *Desperate Lark*.

On the sixth day they were close. On the seventh they were closer. And then, a line of verdure across their bows, Shard saw the Niger River.

Whether he knew that for a thousand miles it rolled its course through forest, whether he even knew that it was there at all; what his plans were, or whether he lived from day to day like a man whose days are numbered, he never told his men. Nor can I get an indication on this point from the talk that I hear from sailors in their cups in a certain tavern I know of. His face was expressionless, his mouth shut, and he held his ship to her course. That evening they were up to the edge of the tree-trunks, and the Arabs camped and waited ten knots astern, and the wind had sunk a little.

There Shard anchored just before sunset and landed at once. At first he explored the forest a little on foot. Then he sent for Spanish Dick. They had slung the cutter on board some days ago when they found she could not keep up. Shard could not ride, but he sent for Spanish Dick and told him he must take him as a passenger. So Spanish Dick slung him in front of the saddle, "before the mast" as Shard called it, for they still carried a mast on the front of the saddle, and away

they galloped together. "Rough weather," said Shard, but he surveyed the forest as he went, and the long and the short of it was he found a place where the forest was less than half a mile thick and the *Desperate Lark* might get through: but twenty trees must be cut. Shard marked the trees himself, sent Spanish Dick right back to watch the Arabs, and turned the whole of his crew on to those twenty trees. It was a frightful risk, the *Desperate Lark* was empty, with an enemy no more than ten knots astern; but it was a moment for bold measures and Shard took the chance of being left without his ship in the heart of Africa in the hope of being repaid by escaping altogether.

The men worked all night on those twenty trees; those that had no axes bored with bradawls and blasted, and then relieved those that had.

Shard was indefatigable; he went from tree to tree, showing exactly what way every one was to fall, and what was to be done with them when they were down. Some had to be cut down, because their branches would get in the way of the masts, others because their trunks would be in the way of the wheels; in the case of the last the stumps had to be made smooth and low with saws and perhaps a bit of the trunk sawn off and rolled away. This was the hardest work they had, and they were all large trees. On the other hand, had they been small, there would have been many more of them, and they would not have sailed in and out, sometimes for hundreds of yards, without cutting away at all: and all this Shard calculated on doing if only there was time.

The light before dawn came, and it looked as if they never would do it at all. And then dawn came and it was all done but one tree; the hard part of the work had all been done in the night, and a sort of final rush cleared everything up except that one huge tree. And then the cutter signalled the Arabs were moving. At dawn they had prayed, and now they had struck their camp. Shard at once ordered all his men to the ship except ten, whom he left at the tree. They had some way to go and the Arabs had been moving some ten minutes before they got there. Shard took in the cutter, which wasted five minutes,

hoisted sail short-handed, and that took five minutes more, and slowly got under way.

The wind was dropping still, and by the time the *Desperate Lark* had come to the edge of that part of the forest through which Shard had laid his course the Arabs were no more than five knots away. He had sailed east half a mile, which he ought to have done over night, so as to be ready, but he could not spare time or thought or men away from those twenty trees. Then Shard turned into the forest and the Arabs were dead astern.

"Doing ten knots," said Shard, as he watched them from the deck. The *Desperate Lark* was doing no more than a knot and a half, for the wind was weak under the lee of the trees. Yet all went well for a while. The big tree had just come down some way ahead, and the ten men were sawing bits of the trunk.

And then Shard saw a branch that he had not marked on the chart; it would just catch the top of the main-mast. He anchored at once and sent a hand aloft, who sawed it half way through and did the rest with a pistol, and now the Arabs were only three knots astern. For a quarter of a mile Shard steered them through the forest till they came to the ten men and that bad big tree; another foot had yet to come off one corner of the stump, for the wheels had to pass over it. Shard turned all hands on to the stump, and it was then that the Arabs came within shot. But they had to unpack their gun. And before they had it mounted Shard was away. If they had charged things might have been different. When they saw the *Desperate Lark* under way again the Arabs came on to within three hundred yards, and there they mounted two guns. Shard watched them along his stern gun but would not fire. They were six hundred yards away before the Arabs could fire and then they fired too soon and both guns missed. And Shard and his merry men saw clear water only ten fathoms ahead. Then Shard loaded his stern gun with canister instead of shot and at the same moment the Arabs charged on their camels; they came galloping down through the forest waving long lances. Shard left the steering to Smerdrak and stood by the stern gun. The Arabs were within fifty yards and still Shard did not fire. He had most of his men in the stern with muskets beside him. Those

lances carried on camels were altogether different from swords in the hands of horsemen, they could reach the men on deck. The men could see the horrible barbs on the lance-heads. They were almost at their faces when Shard fired; and at the same moment the *Desperate Lark,* with her dry and sun-cracked keel in air on the high bank of the Niger, fell forward like a diver. The gun went off through the tree-tops, a wave came over the bows and swept the stern, the *Desperate Lark* wriggled and righted herself: she was back in her element.

The merry men looked at the wet decks and at their dripping clothes. "Water," they said, almost wonderingly.

The Arabs followed a little way through the forest, but, when they saw that they had to face a broadside instead of one stern gun, and perceived that a ship afloat is less vulnerable to cavalry even than when on shore, they abandoned ideas of revenge, and comforted themselves with a text out of their sacred book which tells how in other days and other places our enemies shall suffer even as we desire.

For a thousand miles with the flow of the Niger and the help of occasional winds, the *Desperate Lark* moved seawards. At first he sweeps east a little and then southwards, till you come to Akassa and the open sea.

I will not tell you how they caught fish and ducks, raided a village here and there and at last came to Akassa, for I have said much already of Captain Shard. Imagine them drawing nearer and nearer to sea, bad men all, and yet with a feeling for something where we feel for our King, our country or our home, a feeling for something that burned in them not less ardently than our feelings in us, and that something the sea. Imagine them nearing it till sea-birds appeared and they fancied they felt sea breezes and all sang songs they had not sung for weeks. Imagine them heaving at last on the salt Atlantic again.

I have said much already of Captain Shard and I fear that I shall weary you, O my readers, if I tell you any more of so bad a man. I too at the top of a tower all alone am weary.

And yet it is right that such a tale should be told. A journey almost due south from near Algiers to Akassa in a ship that we should call no more than a yacht. Let it be a stimulus to younger men.

THE BEGINNING OF AN ERA

HORACE HOLLEY

A GENERATION ago the orthodox were much concerned by argument to the effect that Christianity contained many elements carried along from older faiths. These elements were partly intellectual, and reappeared in Christian theology; they were partly matters of ceremony, and reappeared in its ritual. They proved a sharp thorn in the flesh of the devout. Many a good lance was broken in the vain attempt to cast out these pagan intruders or to prove that they could not be identical with the same elements admittedly existing before Christianity was born.

We no longer feel that such a phenomenon argues a lack of "truth" in the Christian revelation, but that on the contrary this power of revitalizing moribund things established its essential triumph. We see clearly that the Christian world was not a new world in the sense that it began all things, including human nature, over again as from the atom, but new in the sense that Christianity originally came as a force which permeated every value, institutional as well as personal, gradually striking a new line of advance for existing and outworn values by relating them to a fresh concept of life. Everything which could fit the new assumption remained; what could not fit was destroyed by immediate catastrophe or gradual attrition.

According to the best modern thought, one does not realize Christianity until he can perceive it as sheer energy received into the whole being by a society in common, not one of whose members might define or express it until its primitive impulse had ebbed away. One does not understand Christianity until he can recognize the essential religious experience beneath all forms and signs. The mystery of religion once more has come to mean the mystery of spring, a renewal that enters life from without, distinguishing neither worthy nor unworthy, but manifesting its power to renew merely by the capacity of individuals and institutions to receive. It comes as from without, and is no reward for rigid thought or desperate morality; it returns peri-

odically, and its presence gives most ecstasy when civilization has grown most a burden.

> It cometh to the proud as a strong wind upon little ships,
> Confounding them;
> Unto the meek it cometh as April to the wayside,
> Scattering joy.

This modern point of view shows that Protestantism is responsible for a grievous error with respect to religion. Many of us were taught to consider that religious experience was a merely personal relationship between a man and God, independent of all conditions save only the state of the man's own heart. But this view implies on the one hand a badly distorted idea of the nature of will, and on the other an entirely erroneous idea of the nature of society. The greatest and best things done by any life are those not done by will but by enthusiasm. True, numerous efforts of will are required in order to prepare the man for his supreme moments; but the supreme moment itself cannot be willed. A great poet cannot will to write great poetry, nor can the best intentioned man in the world will to experience the ecstasy of spirit. Throughout every aspect of life the supreme thing, while accomplished in and by individuals, is prepared for the individual by society. Supreme experience, that which is kindled in the individual by social pressure, liberates various functions of being absolutely inaccessible to him at any other time or under any other condition. The key to the highest and best of ourselves is held by mankind in common. To use that key is the trust laid upon us from the beginning of the world.

But the other side of the church is responsible for an error no less disastrous. The history of all religion teaches us that the original energy is soon expended in providing motive force to continue the social organism. Civilization, in other words, while the direct result of religion, is a devolution from it. The concept "religion" changes from an energy value to a value of formula and ceremony. This devolution is naturally most pronounced in those institutions which remain nearest the highway of tradition and whose authority derives from the civiliza-

tion with which they are inextricably bound. Thus whereas a Protestant attempts to develop religious experience by the power of his own will, a Catholic attempts to deny the reality of all experience uncontrolled by his particular formula. In the one case we have social progress resisted by false individualism; in the other it is weakened by the substitution of formula and concept for the original energy. Your Protestant sows his seed in a garden so confined as to exclude the sun; your Catholic sows his seed in the unfertile winter of the world. And as we study other cycles it grows upon us that these terms "Protestant" and "Catholic" are but a local idiom for eternal and recurrent states of mind, the two chief methods of approach to Reality when betrayed into the hands of the Pharisees.

Unfertile winter of the world; but our modern society is only unfertile when the attempt is made to produce by civilization, and the institutions of civilization, the miracle of creation accomplished for and by our fathers while still in contact with spirit. Everywhere else, throughout the world's social area, it is once more perceptibly spring. As at a common signal, all men who are free from prejudice and materialism seem to have set themselves the task of establishing our ideas, our habits and our institutions in relation to a new assumption, with a power, a sheer energy not to be traced to sources within the personal will. There is among us the working of a new force, a force which we may not understand but which we may hope to control.

Its direction is clearly apparent, setting away from the assumption that the particular "soul" is to be "saved," and toward the assumption that society as a whole is to be made creative and unified. As rapidly as possible we are discarding the concept "sanctity of the individual" for the concept "interdependence of men." That is the key which liberates the highest and best attributes in the individual himself,—which, in fact, "saves" the very "soul" an exclusive, an egoistic and de-spiritualized Christianity has proved unable to establish or maintain. The Great War, like the fall of the Roman Empire, is only the visible manifestation of a change going on throughout every aspect of human life. It is the physical projection of a universal

spiritual drama. It is not Germans and English who are fighting, according to the reality of that drama; it is the Old World and the New, the Christian Era and an Era still so young that it has not yet been named.

Like the Romans, indeed, we stand at the turning of the seasons. Though destruction seems far more evident than creation, and the forces of decay more powerful than those of renewal, that is merely because we have been trained to measure things by their bulk, and estimate values by their relation to traditional formula and ceremony rather than to the energy which is spirit. We have stood within a civilization which waxed as Christianity waned, and we defended the corpse of Christianity by all the resources of the machine which slew it. Now we have been spewed out of civilization by its own death-agony, and we can survey it with calm and critical eyes. Christianity also we can regard with deep sympathy, knowing it at last for the thing Christianity really was, neither a doctrine nor a Life, but a spring Season of renewal whose creative force carried the race along for nineteen hundred years, but expended now like the mother whose womb and breasts are weary and contain no more the essences of life. By virtue of the reality it was, Christianity itself bids us look about us for the new reality, the fertile daughter of the mother who has passed away.

I know all that can be said against this in the way of argument; but argument is the first thing I have learned to put aside, opening my heart reverently to the influx of energy flooding the world. For our generation the true relation of decay and renewal is like a wood in that first moment of oncoming spring when the great trees are all locked in deathly sleep, but fragile, almost invisible, a single flower found by the careful lover bears witness to the new life. That one tiny witness outweighs, to those who know, all the combined testimony of chilling wind, of drifting snow, of towering, silent trees. Like the apex of a pyramid the irresistible future first thrusts itself as a slight influence upon human affairs. Will and argument could not initiate the new era before its appointed cycle had revolved; but will and argument cannot resist its progress once begun.

I do not impeach the "truth" of Christianity when I state

that the Christian era has come to its appointed end. Religion is not a matter of "truth," but of dynamic. It is not a fact about life so much as it is a power to live. Only those who are concerned with mere facts and ceremonies will resist the influence of this new energy. Those who have experienced, or understood, the inner core of Christianity as spiritual impulse cannot but welcome the return of that impulse to society as a whole. And just as Christianity itself absorbed from the past all the elements required to complete every contact of social existence, so will religion in our day select many existing concepts and institutions to establish itself in the next era. Let us not make the mistake of those who lamented the passing of the glory that was Rome because they could not realize the coming of the ecstasy that is God.

What religion could not accomplish through races, since its possession by races as a separate tradition created antagonism and prejudice, thereby casting all religion into disrepute, it can accomplish now when at last the spring season of renewal coincides for all. What it could not accomplish for the individual when related to an assumption about life sundering religious experience from the experience of daily life, it can accomplish now when at last religion has become an assumption uniting an ethic, a politic and philosophy with the spiritual impulse. But apart from consideration of these and other attendant ideas, the central fact itself I have come to accept as the supreme privilege of our generation. Think of what it means, living not at the worn-out end of things but at their miraculous renewal! Our lives withdrawn from contact with a long and dreary cycle of hateful war and stupid misunderstanding, and established in contact with a new and fertile world! Let it be to us as it was to the early Christians, a flame to purge every value of its false accretion, in every aspect of life to show forth its new-caught reality. Like them I tear my calendar from the wall: it is not the year 1915, it is the year *one*.

CIVILIZATION AND COURAGE

H. M. Aubrey

"CIVILIZATION is the mother of luxury, luxury breeds effeminacy, effeminacy spawns cowardice, and cowardice is the last precursor of the downfall of civilization." This is a short statement of a theory that has been taught as truth by generation after generation of would-be teachers from the beginning of written records, and in that beginning they doubtless repeated only what was uttered by the old men when they sat by and warmed themselves at the first fire in the cave mouth.

Such stress is laid upon the inevitability of cowardice as a result of civilization, and such solemn warnings are deduced therefrom, as to justify us in an inquiry as to the comparative extent to which modern civilization is open to the charge of cowardice and the consequent imminence of the danger of its downfall under attack from savagery within or barbarism without.

The theory is illustrated and considered proven by the so-called histories of humanity (meaning the empires created by various portions of humanity), beginning with the shadowy Sumerian references to preceding empires; the Babylonian; the Assyrian; the Persian; each in turn passing from poverty allied to courage and covetousness through power, wealth, luxury, corruption, to decay and dissolution; the Egyptian civilization, earliest and most enduring of all, showing a constant rise and fall during a period embracing approximately forty-five hundred years before finally falling an easy prey to Rome; India, an endless repetition of conquest by barbarous but courageous and aggressive mountain tribes, each of these in turn to have its courage and spirit of self-sacrifice undermined by power and luxury and fall prey to a new wave of conquerors sent forth from the hills, where courage and the willingness to die seemed to be inseparable companions to the poverty which must be the lot of the dweller among the snow-capped mountains and on the wind-swept plateaus; the Greeks, capable of but one great

effort at world-empire and that under the semi-alien Macedonian; finally great Rome itself, mistress of land and sea, last and greatest of all world-empires, made so by a constant, almost unbroken, succession of men of great executive ability and inspired with a far greater spirit of courage and self-sacrifice; they all served to adorn the tale, point the moral, and prove the theory.

But are we in danger? Is the cowardice of the modern man, the product of the most refined and luxurious civilization yet produced by the world, so evident that we should fear an early downfall? Let us consider the warning in the light of recent events; in doing so we will take it for granted that the statement of the fatal weakness which caused the fall of all the ancient civilizations is correct, though incorrectly worded in this: that while it was courage that created and maintained those ancient empires, this courage is spoken of and treated as though it were merely brute physical confidence in superior brute force, whereas it was to a large extent something far deeper, stronger, more permanent than that; it was the courage born of love, love for others, of willingness to sacrifice oneself so that those others might profit by it, of that spirit of self-sacrifice from which springs a willingness to die so that others might live, of that spirit of pan-humanitarianism which sacrifices the individual for the family, the race, the one for the whole, and so permeates the whole that the individual sacrificed is a willing party to the sacrifice. This is the standard by which we must be measured; if we measure up to it then does it prove that we, though loving and indulging in luxury beyond all previous comparison, are not yet decadent, have as yet nothing to fear from inner savagery or outer barbarism. And this standard can to-day be easily applied and is one of the few values to be derived from the appalling scenes of human suffering with which the world is now being desolated.

Physical courage is of two kinds: the courage to endure, the courage to act. In the ancient wars the courage to endure was rarely brought into play (aside, of course, from siege operations, and the fate of an empire—save half-fabled Troy—was never decided by a siege); the arms with which men then fought

were of a character that enforced action; the longest-ranged weapon used was the bow and arrow, dangerous only up to about two hundred yards; for while it is considered that among the ancient peoples the best archers were the Persians, it is also conceded that the English archers of the time of Poitiers and Creçy were the best that the world ever produced, and as their normal effective range was two hundred and fifty yards, we may therefore assume that the offensive range of the ancient weapon did not exceed two hundred yards; in other words, the soldier armed with sword or spear had only to endure until he could walk or run two hundred yards in fear of his life from a weapon against which he was armored, sometimes so effectually as to leave him nothing to fear. Under the worst of conditions his courage of endurance need last but a few minutes, and as he was in constant action, either running or walking, during these few minutes, it may fairly be doubted if it could be called endurance courage, if it were not rather active courage, the courage of action, of such hasty, violent, compulsive action as scarcely to leave time for cowardice in the most timorous.

In the exercise of active courage, the ancient warrior had to face the spear, either thrust or thrown, the latter with an approximate effective range of thirty paces; the sword, of many kinds, straight, curved, waving, the thrusting, the cutting; the axe, the mace, and the knife, the last used only when all else had failed. But, at all times and under all circumstances, he saw his enemy, he could be inspired, he almost necessarily was inspired, with that feeling of personal hate which gives courage to the most cowardly (for what man does not hate him who threatens death to himself, slavery to those he loves?) and he knew he must kill or be killed, for no quarter was given in those days until after the lust of slaughter was fully satisfied, and at the best the giving of quarter meant slavery; the victor spared the vanquished and cared for him only in proportion to his value as a chattel. Therefore, under normal conditions, the soldiers of ancient times were urged to courageous action by practically every worldly motive (and by this I mean every

motive pertaining to physical welfare) that could be comprehended by him.

Such being the conditions confronting and motives inspiring the soldier of the ancient empires, let us compare them with modern conditions and motives.

The most striking change in these conditions is the fact that probably ninety-five per cent. of the injured soldiers of ancient times saw the individual who inflicted the injury; to-day probably ninety-eight per cent. of the injured soldiers never see who or what hurts; there is little face-to-face conflict, the missile doing the injury can neither be seen nor guarded against, in many cases the very place from which it came is beyond eyesight; for minutes, for hours, for days the soldier is exposed to a rain of missiles whose touch is injury or death; the roar of the cannon, the crackling of rifles, the whistling of the bullets, the explosions of the shells mingle only with the cries and groans of his wounded comrades constantly falling and every fall saying to him: "You next." That is the courage of endurance, and that it is to-day displayed in a degree never shown—and presumably never called for—in ancient wars is amply shown in the columns of the daily papers, and this courage is displayed, not by savages, but by men of the highest type of modern civilization, in many instances the individual representing not only a life of personal luxury, but being the product of several generations of indulgence in all the luxuries that modern wealth and ingenuity were capable of giving (and modern comforts and luxuries bear about the same relation to those of ancient days as does the cannon of to-day to the Roman catapult); yet these children of luxury daily prove themselves capable of a higher degree of the courage of endurance than any annal of ancient days can even give us a hint of. And nearly every veteran will say that it is far easier, a far less severe test of courage, to rush at the enemy with fixed bayonets or drawn sword than to lie huddled behind a rock or in a trench constantly seeing death and ever expecting it.

When it comes to the rush, what has our modern soldier to face as compared with his prototype?

As we have seen, the early-day soldier never had to cross in

danger a distance of over two hundred yards, and usually not over one hundred and fifty yards, and this danger (until he arrived within thirty paces) was solely from the arrow, which was effective as a disabling weapon only under favorable circumstances, for a heavy wind greatly lessened and rain sufficient to wet the bow string destroyed the effectiveness of the bow and arrow, to which must be added the fact that in those days the bowmen fought in a solid body, were without defensive armor, rarely had other arms (except a knife), were helpless before an attacking foe equipped with spear, sword, and shield, and were consequently in full flight by the time a resolute foe arrived within fifty yards. Compare this with what the modern soldier must undergo—harassed, torn by artillery that may be as far as five thousand yards away, against which they have no defence and which they are unable to harm; decimated by rifle fire that is effective at two thousand yards in any weather and under any condition, to which there is no limit, which is never exhausted, and which can be stopped only by the attacking force actually reaching and overcoming the defenders after traversing a distance rarely less than three hundred yards and frequently as high as twenty-five hundred yards. Had an ancient captain been told of what a modern soldier must endure and do in order to win, he would have pronounced it impossible of accomplishment, that only insanity absolutely regardless of life could be capable of such devotion to duty, such an extremity of self-sacrifice. In fact, so incredible is it even to us who daily read of deeds daily done by all of the combatants in the great war now desolating Europe that we find it impossible to resist a feeling of incredulity, of doubt that these things really are, of a sceptical wondering if they are not the vaporing of some distempered mind. Yet, of them, of the fact that these deeds are not the supreme effort of a few choice souls happy to die for what they deem to be their duty, but are done by thousands, by many, many thousands of men, done unurged, unthreatened, uncompelled, and treated by them as much as a matter of course as we treat the little duties that our daily round of work brings us to do, there is no more doubt than there is doubt about our having or not having had breakfast.

As to whether the ancient soldier could have risen to such heights of courage it is impossible to say; that some small bands of patriots or Berserkers would have done so, is, of course, probable; but that the necessary spirit of self-sacrifice would have animated any large body of men for any length of time is extremely improbable, because the average of the two standards of intelligence and duty was much lower then than now; and this brings up the question of the reason for the greater courage shown by the soldier of to-day than by him of yesterday.

That reason is, in my opinion, based principally upon the two factors of duty and obedience, these in their turn resting upon intelligence. With the growth of intelligence, of knowledge, with the steady rising of a standard of morality based upon intelligence and knowledge, there has come to the average man a greatly increased feeling of responsibility to man in general, to his family, his friends, his nation, his race in particular, and it is this feeling, this sense of duty, that has so far overpowered his individuality, the individuality of selfishness, of personal welfare, as to make him willing to risk, to sacrifice, his life for what he deems right, whether right in itself or right only because those whom he has selected to govern him deem it so. It is really a striking, a convincing evidence of the growth, the extent, the strength, of that spirit of pan-humanitarianism which is slowly but steadily uplifting the world from savagery toward civilization, and gives us strong reason to hope that when that spirit attains its full strength there will no longer be either war or hunger, for it will be so used as to render both impossible.

THE NEW SOURCE OF ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY

WITT BOWDEN

SOCIETY consists of a middle, an upper and a lower class. The wary reader who is sure that comment on this commonplace fact can be nothing more than one more "unprofitable elaboration of the obvious" is given due warning.

Before commenting on this analysis, let us change it somewhat. The terms middle, upper and lower imply merely a static condition, but social groups are dynamic. Let us use terms which involve not only the status of the three groups but also their active relations. Society consists of a freedom group, a governing group and a subjection group.

Economic freedom means ability to live respectably and to make a real choice in the matter of a vocation. The group characterized by economic freedom is therefore large and diverse. As distinguished from the governing group, which also, of course, has economic freedom, it includes the skilled and semi-professional employees and many of those that are unskilled; small and competitive employers; independents (farmers, free artisans, shopkeepers, traders, etc.); and most of those in the professional classes.

The freedom group exercises some measure of control of industry, but the chief source of control is the governing or directing group. Control is chiefly in the hands of the more powerful employers and financiers and the men of exceptional ability subsidized by them from other classes. The natural leaders of the freedom group leave their own group because they can find larger economic opportunities with the governing group. Unity of action in directing industry and in controlling the sources of power is for this group comparatively easy.

Subjection is a modern equivalent for slavery and serfdom. The subjection of the slave to his master and the serf to his lord is replaced by the subjection of the members of the lower classes to their employers, to sharpers of various types, and

to the pitiless forces of a highly organized industry. There is a gain, it is true, in the theory of freedom. The freedom group, in maintaining its own interests, incidentally guarantees legal freedom for all. Each man is free, legally, to go and come as he pleases and to make choice of his life work. But there is a large group characterized by economic subjection almost as complete as that of serfdom or even of slavery. With its members, the edge of initiative is dulled, the tonic of ambition is diluted, and the path of advancement is impassable because of the shackles of circumstance.

America has witnessed remarkable phenomena—the social flux, the rapid economic development, the extension of the frontier to the western coast, and the recoil of the frontier advance upon the great cities of the continent. As a result, ordinary group lines have been indistinct and without special social importance. But the governing, the freedom, and the subjection groups, while by no means organized or unitary, are characterized by significant differences in economic relations and interests.

The peculiar importance of each of these groups may best be discerned from the point of view of the freedom group. The ordinary American of the freedom group purchases as a pearl of great price a condition of economic respectability; he covets for himself and his children vocational freedom of choice; and he detests arbitrary power. The group, large and diverse, has nevertheless a fundamental common interest in maintaining these characteristics by opposing the encroachments of the governing group and by resisting the pressure of forces tending toward the subjection group.

These terms, "opposing the encroachments" and "resisting the pressure" of the other groups, imply group conflicts. There are some who try to see the rise of "socialized capitalists," whose altruism is to be regarded as an antidote for the alleged virus of group antagonism. But the most conspicuous philanthropy is based on exploitation of the lower classes. Its benevolences are expended mainly in the upper region of the freedom group, for art, literature and higher education. In effect, whether or not in the conscious aim, it is a subsidizing

of the most powerful element of the freedom group, along the boundary between the freedom and the governing groups. Run over the list of our most noted philanthropists: are they not also leading representatives of industrial absolutism? And that, let it not be forgotten, is the essential issue: Shall the governing group continue to dominate industry for its own enrichment, or shall fundamental control pass to the freedom group, the governing group becoming representative, industrially as well as politically? "Socialized capital" cannot reasonably be expected to avert or even seriously to modify this conflict of group interests.

The clash of class interests to-day is a continuation of age-long class struggles. The struggles of the past have resulted in free labor, equality before the law, religious toleration, legal freedom of speech and of the press, and personal rather than property suffrage. These principles of liberty have been acquired by the struggles of diverse elements, but these elements have made up essentially an enlarging economic freedom group. This group has enlarged and strengthened itself by means of a condition which no longer exists. That condition has been the unprecedented economic opportunity opened up to the common people of Europe by the discovery of new worlds and by advances in science.

This long period of expanding opportunity is nearing an end. There are no more worlds to discover; and it is hardly conceivable that science will as rapidly as in the past open up new fields of economic opportunity. Even America has experienced the rebound of the frontier advance. Colorado and California as well as New York and Pennsylvania have their insistent problems of labor and capital, domination and subjection, parasitic leisure and unemployment. The government land policy in encouraging development is revealed in a series of acts culminating as early as 1862 in the act providing for free homesteads. Since that time there has been a rapid decrease of opportunity till during recent land openings scores of applicants have been disappointed where one has been successful. A few generations ago the States in their eagerness to promote development squandered their resources, and are now attempting a costly

reconstruction of their policies in accord with the urgent need for public utilization rather than private exploitation. Former reckless policies, both State and national, temporarily opened up opportunities for all, but promoted the building of immoderate fortunes and invited dishonesty in political as well as industrial control. With the westward expansion there has gone a centralization of industry, and a conscienceless grabbing of mineral and timber and water-power resources and of public land for speculation.

The period of pioneer opportunity is ended. A small governing group holds legal title to a large part of our natural wealth. It is preponderantly rich and immensely powerful, and its method is not representative directing of industry in the interest of those represented, but despotic private control for private interests. And yet, since the old type of economic opportunity available to those without capital is rarely to be found, the only recourse of the freedom group for the maintenance of economic freedom and opportunity is representative control of industry to the end that our resources and great industries may be publicly utilized and conserved rather than privately exploited.

It is more than a question of degrees of economic freedom. If the governing group is allowed to maintain its policy of denying to the other groups any effective share in the control of the dominant industries, the result will be a continued centralization of wealth under monopolistic private control, and economic subjection will confront a larger and larger number of the freedom group.

Thus the interests of the various elements of the freedom group in opposition to the interests of the governing group as now constituted are at bottom the same. The common aim of the freedom group should be to wrest from the governing group the fundamental control of industry, making the members of this group its own responsible representatives, industrially as well as politically; to eliminate from the present governing group the parasitic element; and to make personal worth and ability rather than inherited wealth and position the conditions of membership in the group.

Let us now inquire as to the relation of the freedom group to the subjection group. This group is in opposition to the interests of the freedom group in three ways.

It is the subjection group that furnishes a large part of the paupers, criminals, and degenerates, entailing burdens of taxation and charity and dangers of social contamination and dissolution.

Again, the subjection group comes into abnormal competitive conflict with the normal wage earners of the freedom group. Wage earners of the subjection group are accustomed to the lowest standard of living, and are often partly supported by charity. Hence, along the border between the two groups there is a deadly competition, with the advantages (if such they may be called) of charity and a low standard of living on the side of the subjection group. Hence there is a tendency on the part of the border members of the freedom group to gravitate toward the subjection group. In the United States, these unhealthy conditions might be counterbalanced by other forces were it not for the constant enlargement of the subjection group by immigrants accustomed to a standard of living below that of our lowest classes, and to subjection more abject than that of the humblest of our people. But with immigration of this type, the struggle for economic freedom along the boundary of the groups is extremely severe and perilous for the lower ranks of the freedom group.

In the third place, the subjection group is exploited and even enlarged by the governing group in its struggle with the freedom group. This is illustrated by the usual relation between labor and capital during a strike. The ordinary strike is preceded by efforts on the part of the employees to secure a conference between their representatives and representatives of their employers, in order to discuss and if possible to adjust the terms of employment. This seems to be a simple, peaceable and just method of settling the differences involved. But the employers usually count on another factor. They find at hand or they import docile foreigners and subservient native strike-breakers. They employ these men, and by placing a temporary premium on subserviency, they set the laborer against his fel-

lows, and repress the demand for representation in determining the labor policies of the industry. The exploitation of the subjection group by such means as despotic labor policies, child labor, excessive immigration, and the corrupt control of ignorant voters, is a menace and a positive injury to both the freedom and the subjection groups.

The freedom group should therefore seek to eliminate the subjection group. There are three ways of carrying out such a policy: the restriction of immigration; the absorption of assimilable elements into the freedom group; and a process of social selection to prevent the hereditary increase of such classes as paupers, criminals and degenerates. Complete elimination can probably never be accomplished, but restriction to the smallest possible number must be the ideal.

Let us restate the ideal attitude of the freedom group toward the adjoining groups. At the head of our elaborate industries there must naturally be a governing or directing group. But fundamental economic control ought to pass from the governing group to the freedom group, the former becoming a representative group, similar to and in part identical with the political representatives of to-day. The freedom group should attract to itself or force into the subjection group such elements of the present governing group as are not needed in the actual work of organizing, directing and supervising social activities. The present large element adhering to the governing group and commonly called the leisure class or "the idle rich" should be forced to abandon their parasitic existence and to become effective members of the governing group, or of the freedom group, or else sink to the place for which according to their present manner of life they seem to have been designed—the subjection group. On the other extreme, the freedom group should seek to restrict the subjection group to those who are naturally inferior and dependent, being sure that those now kept in that group by industrial injustice, social stratification, and the various other artificial restraints on personal worth, have opportunity to rise out of subjection and to strengthen the freedom group.

The ideal policies of the freedom group are thus clearly defined, but this ideal is far from realization. The funda-

mental common interest within the group is obscured by diverse occupations, conditions of life, and non-economic activities.

But there are two definite, organized movements, mainly within the freedom group, whose aims are essentially the ideal aims of the group. One of these is the movement for public ownership of the principal industries. Such a method would result, at least in form, in representative control of these industries. The supervisors and directors of the great industries would automatically become public officials and employees instead of private capitalists and agents of private corporations. It would also do away with one of the vital sources of weakness within the freedom group. Its natural leaders, the men of exceptional ability within its ranks, usually find it to their interest to affiliate with the governing group because this group owns the industries which offer the larger economic opportunities. Under public ownership, these men, instead of becoming alienated from their group, would serve as its representatives.

The other organized effort to bring about representative control of industry is more immediate and more directly practical in its methods. The centre of this effort is the labor movement. The significance of the awakening consciousness of the workingman was discerned years ago by Gladstone in England, when he referred to it as " the bulwark of modern democracies," and by Wendell Phillips in our own country when he " hailed the labor movement as the hope of democracy."

The democratic principle of the labor movement has been chiefly worked out in the form of arbitration and the trade agreement. Disinterested parties, or preferably, wherever feasible, direct representatives of the employers and of their workmen, meet and discuss the labor policies of the industry, make necessary compromises, reach a common understanding, and enter into an agreement touching the terms of employment. In this way the meagre bargaining power of the workmen in selling their only commodity, their labor, is multiplied, and they are able to meet the immense organized resources of their employers on terms of approximate equality.

The wage-earners are realizing that the democratic principle in a purely political sense is of little avail. Its roots must run

deep into economic soil; it must get down into every-day concerns; it must become an instrument as well as an ideal. The trade agreement is the most effective instrument yet devised. "The new freedom" cannot be made to order in legislative factories. The life of a people does not proceed from laws: rather laws that are of value are expressions of the life of the people. Much is heard of efforts of public officials to write the democratic principle as applied to industry into codes of law and court decisions, and to enforce it with administrative machinery. But the essential work of making the principle an expression of the life of the people is being done by the people themselves in the factories, the workshops, and the mines.

Important social changes do not come about by means of laws; neither do they come from the influence of the upper classes. These classes, prosperous and self-satisfied, hold to the established order. Elemental reforms, history instructs us, have usually been due to pressure from below. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the most important social change of the present, the application of representative democracy to industry, the labor movement is the chief factor and the employing class is the chief source of opposition.

In opposing this change, the controlling element of the governing group is seeking the support of the independent and professional elements of the freedom group. In seeking this support, it is aided by certain factors in the freedom group itself. Among farmers and shopkeepers there is often an extreme individualism and a smug self-sufficiency which blinds them to their real class affiliations and interests. Many have a false pride which causes them to sympathize with the upper class, even though they can never be affiliated with it. The more competent and influential members of the wage-earning as well as of the independent and professional classes are subsidized by the capitalistic class to organize and direct its enterprises. One of the chief factors tending to alienate many among even the wage-earners from their proper group affiliations is the control of the press and other channels of public information and opinion by the capitalistic class, so that upper-class interests are falsely

identified with common interests. This is the usual source of opposition to "class consciousness."

But since the essential common interest of the freedom group is representative control of the great industries for the maintenance of economic freedom and opportunity, the labor movement ought in fact to be supported and utilized by the entire freedom group in attaining this common end. The relative increase of commerce and manufacturing and the centralization of industry in great corporations mean an increase in the proportion of wage-earners. According to the census authorities, about eighty per cent. of males in the United States ten years old and over are among the wage-earning classes. The American people are preponderantly and increasingly a nation of wage-earners. There is, in addition, no rigid distinction between the wage-earning classes, the salaried, and the independent classes. The average salary of public-school teachers is about fifty dollars a month. There are more than two million hired farm laborers in the United States. About forty per cent. of the farms of the country are operated by tenants. Tenantry, mortgages, and the size of farms are increasing. Free artisans are becoming parts of contract systems. Small enterprises of various kinds, even in the towns and villages, are being absorbed by centralized corporations. The struggle of various wage-earning groups for the right to organize and through organization for a voice in determining the labor policies of industrial corporations is in effect a struggle for the entire freedom group.

The strength of the labor movement cannot be measured by definite organization. Labor unions are merely the nucleus. The movement in the larger sense, modified by various social influences, and undergoing necessary compromises, represents the largest element of common interest. Its principles, viz., representative control of industry and public utilization as opposed to private exploitation of our economic resources, involve the essential interests of the group. The triumph of its principles is essentially a triumph of the entire group. In a far more vital sense than the alternative triumph of the governing group, it is a social rather than a group triumph.

But the outcome of the struggle seems uncertain. Our capi-

talists, our financial and industrial corporations, have such preponderant resources and immense power and such united and facile command of their resources and power as seemingly to make them permanent masters. Historical precedents also favor them. Apparently the nations of to-day are following in the course of the nations of the past—restriction of the freedom group, enlargement of the subjection group, and top-heavy centralization of wealth and control in a despotic governing group.

And yet there are certain unique forces in our modern world which indicate a different outcome:

Physical freedom. No more can the master or even the Government command the body of the humblest citizen unless he has forfeited freedom by crime or degeneracy.

Spiritual freedom. The power of the State, formerly used to torture, imprison and kill the persons and to confiscate the property of those who dared to think or to believe contrary to the established order, is now used to guarantee freedom of thought and religion.

A larger altruism. Philanthropy is often based upon economic oppression, and altruism can be no more than a supplemental force in any permanent advance even of the subjection group. But the altruism of the age includes more than the conventional philanthropy. Group conflicts continue, but they involve larger groups, and within the groups there is an increasing recognition of common interests and an enlarging spirit of coöperation.

Personal suffrage. In spite of the tendency of the property-owner to gain extra-legal and illegal control, the principle of personal as opposed to property suffrage is for the freedom group a powerful lever.

Universal education. Public education is still in some respects a blundering experiment, and the majority are prevented by economic pressure from utilizing its advantages fully. But it is a unique and profound force. With increasing emphasis upon the elementary schools, beyond which relatively few are able to go, and with ideals in harmony with the economic needs of the working classes, there is no limit to its power. It is the

most propitious of the forces which favor the democratization of industry.

As was stated in a previous paragraph, these various modern forces developed during the period of geographical and scientific expansion beginning about four centuries ago; they resulted from the economic opportunities thus opened up to the common people. The waves of expansion and opportunity that have traversed that long period are now receding, but these forces remain. The common people, having thus because of unusual economic opportunities acquired physical and spiritual freedom, personal suffrage, and public education, may now utilize them as instruments to acquire new kinds of economic opportunity based upon representative control of the great industries. But let them do this speedily. For when a people submit to economic subjection, their legal and spiritual freedom will not long tarry.

A SIDMOUTH LAD

Cale Young Rice

SALCOMBE HILL and four hills more
Lie to leftward of this shore:
On the right Peak Hill arises,
Ever rises, sick'ning, o'er.

Two score rotting years I've seen
Sidmouth sit those hills between:
Only Sidmouth—and twice over
Must I bide it, as I've been.

Then a churchyard hole for me,
By the dull voice of the sea:
Rotting, still in Sidmouth rotting,
Rotting to eternity.

A DEFENCE OF LIBERAL EDUCATION

RALPH BARTON PERRY

IT is unnecessary in these days to justify education. If there is any single idea about education that is now generally accepted, it is the idea that education is useful to the individual and imperative for the community. We measure the civilization of any nation or section by the test of literacy, or by the educational facilities that are open to its people. Wherever democratic political ideals have come to prevail, it is a recognized duty of the State to provide education freely for all, in at least the rudiments of knowledge. In our own country, we have virtually come to believe that mere poverty should not be allowed to stand in the way of even a college or university training, for any individual who can demonstrate his capacity and ambition. Wherever high industrial or professional ideals prevail, the importance of a prolonged and thorough training in engineering, law, or medicine, is no longer doubted. And wherever democratic social ideals prevail, as notably in this country, it is clearly recognized that education is the great equalizer, the means of compensating for the handicaps of birth or wealth, and of extending to all alike an opportunity of going as far in power, happiness, and dignity, as native capacity will permit.

So far we must all be in hearty agreement. It is because everyone believes in education in at least these aspects, that so vast a number of flourishing institutions enjoy the support and loyalty of the State or of private friends and benefactors. I do not propose to prove these things, that require no proof. I want to confine my efforts to the defence of an idea that is in some danger of being forgotten. I refer to the idea of what is sometimes called *liberal* education.

Whoever surveys the history of education broadly, will see that at the same time that education has been more widely diffused and has gained a stronger support from public opinion and from the State, it has come to mean something narrower than it once meant. The more clearly we have recognized that education is useful and necessary, the more narrowly have we come to

insist upon its usefulness and necessity, and to be suspicious of any education the usefulness and necessity of which are not apparent. At the same time that the average man has come to be the friend and beneficiary of education, education has come to be the creature of the average man, and to reflect his characteristic standards and point of view. The danger is that while everybody may become educated in a certain practical or vulgar sense, nobody will be educated in that other and less obvious sense in which the privileged class was once educated. There is danger, in short, that the very same forces of opinion that make it possible that everybody should be usefully educated, should prevent anybody from being liberally educated.

Let me illustrate the tendency which I speak of by referring to the choice of studies in colleges where there is freedom of election. Even in the eastern colleges with which I am most familiar, colleges such as Harvard and Princeton, where, whether rightly or wrongly, the older humanistic traditions are supposed to be especially strong, the most notable feature of student election is the large resort to Economics. I have not the least inclination to disparage the subject. I do not even feel sure that the tendency will not turn out in the end to have been a wholesome one. But the significant thing, and I suspect the ominous thing, is the motive which leads the average student to make such a choice. It isn't that he is especially interested in the solution of economic problems. He may and often does find the subject dull and unilluminating. But he is usually going to be either a business man or a lawyer, and he has heard that economics has something to do with business and law. He doesn't know that this is the case, or in the least understand the matter. Indeed, the authorities of the Harvard Law School explicitly discourage men from attempting in any way to anticipate their professional studies in college. But the average undergraduate I speak of has somehow got it into his head that studying Economics is a kind of preliminary study of business or law. And so he chooses it; which proves, at any rate, what he is looking for, what idea he has of a college education. He is supposing that the thing to do in college is to acquire the tools of some trade. So the college tends to acquire the spirit and tone of a trade school.

Another indication of the same tendency is the fact, which I suppose to be generally true, that the part of our State universities that is least vigorous is usually the college, or department of liberal arts. If this is true, then it shows that those who support higher education, in this case the citizens of a State, believe in it chiefly as a means of training farmers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, stenographers, housekeepers, and engineers.

Now it was once supposed that it was the most indispensable part of higher education to train, or rather to develop and cultivate, *men and women.* They were taught Latin, Greek, mathematics, history, literature, and philosophy, not with the idea that they could use these things in earning a living, but with the idea that they were good for the soul. Latin and Greek, for example, are not any less useful than they used to be. The difference is that we are now more anxious that everything should be useful. Once it was thought that a trained and well-stored mind, a free imagination, an acquaintance with the past and with its triumphs and its heroes, were somehow great and good things of themselves that went to make a full and noble life. Such a life was open only to the privileged few; but the important thing is that *it was regarded as a privilege.* Now that it may so much more easily be attained, it seems to have lost its value; and apprenticeship to a trade, once thought to be a disagreeable necessity, marks the limit of aspiration. Concerned to assert the dignity of labor, the modern world seems somehow to be assuming that there is nothing dignified in life except doing one's job or getting ready for it.

A student who called upon me the other day gave me a new and I should say ultra-modern view of the value of the old humanistic studies. Having taken a chair near my desk, and cleared his throat, he launched the conversation by saying, "Professor, may I ask what you think of Emerson?" This may seem somewhat abrupt. But we who teach philosophy are not surprised at any question. At any rate, I answered the inquiring student as best I could; whereupon he came back at me with more of the same kind. What did I think of Carlyle, of Tennyson? But there is a limit even to a philosopher's simple good faith. I must have betrayed some impatience or suspicion. At any rate, he

finally confessed to me that he was at Harvard to learn the art of salesmanship. He was particularly interested in the sale of aluminum cooking utensils. Some one had told him that the thing to do was to engage your unsuspecting victim in general conversation on some theme remote from the object of your sinister design. In this way you gain his confidence. So he had come to Harvard to acquire conversational resources. It was evident that he believed in higher education. He could see the use of it. He could measure the value of poetry in terms of tangible frying-pans and tea-pots. He could even see a use in personal intercourse with his professors, since it might create a pretext for conversational practice.

So it appears that there is a chance for liberal studies even in a most severely utilitarian programme. But do they need such a utilitarian justification? Are we to accept such a standard? Or have liberal studies a value peculiar to themselves which we are in danger of losing if liberal studies decay? I admit that I am a partisan in the matter. If all studies were compelled to prove their utility, philosophy would have to go by the board. I do not commend it to anyone as a means of livelihood. But from a partisan, you will at least get one side of the matter; and in this case, the other side has advocates enough.

Now what is this unique and indispensable value that belongs to a liberal education? I should emphasize first the fact that liberal education brings us abreast of progress. If we are to accept the theory of Weismann and deny the inheritance of acquired characters, we must suppose that progress takes place, not through the line of descent, but through the continuity of tradition and environment. By heredity we transmit to our children approximately what our parents transmitted to us. Our children will stand at birth where we stood at birth, with the same native capacities and family traits. In the course of our lives, we have acquired much—new ideas, new forms of skill, new frames of mind. But these our children will not inherit. Though we may, and in some respects certainly shall exceed the attainments of our parents, what we have gained cannot be transmitted simply by ordinary heredity. Is there, then, no sense in which our children profit by what we have learned, and so enjoy advantages superior

to those which belonged to us as the members of an earlier generation? Certainly, and here lies the point. Our children will be surrounded from birth onward by a different and more advanced environment. The most important part of that environment during the earlier and more plastic years will be ourselves, with the new things we have learned. If our children do not learn more, there is at least more to learn than there was when we were children. The parental type which is imitated by the children of to-day contains novelties which distinguish it from the grand-parental type which was imitated by the parents of to-day, when they were the children of yesterday.

But the family is by no means the only medium of imitation. Playmates, teachers, newspapers, employers, ministers, poets, all represent and typify the culture of to-day—and imprint its characteristic and novel form upon the growing and receptive minds of the younger generation.

We must, of course, get rid of the notion of generation succeeding generation, like the regiments of a marching army. Generations overlap. There are innumerably many of them alive together. There are those who are coming of age to-day, those who came of age yesterday, and those who will come of age to-morrow. If one cared to reckon in terms of hours, minutes, and seconds, one would readily see that the number of contemporary generations exceeds our power to count. Every individual is born into a world in which a certain type is growing to be old-fashioned, another dominates, and a third is regarded as advanced and radical. And there are indefinitely many degrees between. To-day, horses are slightly old-fashioned, automobiles common, and airships novel. This illustrates the present phase of civilization. A child that is just now most impressionable is having this phase imprinted upon him. He will become used or assimilated to it, play his part in the invention and innovation which modify it, and live to see his children reared in a world in which perhaps horses are antiquated, automobiles old-fashioned, airships common, and I know not what, novel.

This is the way that society moves. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a modern infant; merely as infant he does not represent one time any more than another. But there is such a

thing as a modern world. And it is going to make a lot of difference to the hapless infant what world he is born into. The modern world stands ready to seize upon him and put the imprint of modernity upon him. And he will be, when the world gets through with him, a modern man.

Progress is possible because the past holds over into the present in the shape of institutions, monuments, records, custom, and in the shape of an existing and slowly changing social type. An individual may profit by this progress, enjoy an unearned increment, by virtue of growing up in the midst of these things, imitating them, learning them, entering into and becoming one with them. His advantage is not one of inborn capacity, but one of place in history.

But to return to our main point—the importance of liberal studies. We may now say that their importance lies first of all in their *enabling an individual to enjoy to the full all the advantages of his place in history. They enable an individual to take possession of the inheritance that has been accumulated for him.*

If what I have said is true, it ought to follow that in proportion as a man is untutored, he is not a man of his age at all. He might just as well have been born a thousand years ago. Suppose a child to be kept altogether from educative influences, simply fed and kept alive, and he wouldn't belong to the present any more than to the past. He wouldn't have any place in history at all. It would be as absurd to speak of him as modern as it would be to speak of the modern whale or the modern ant. While no individual has ever been cut off altogether from the spirit of his age, I think anyone will readily agree that this is in a large measure true of millions of our fellow-men. And one will agree, I think, that, in principle, being a man of the age depends upon the enjoyment of educational opportunities. Illiteracy, grinding toil, rigid customs, physical remoteness, through lack of facilities for communication, imply stagnation in a primitive, monotonous, and timeless animal existence. There are millions of peasants and laborers who enter upon a mechanical routine of life, driven by the necessity of livelihood, without ever having had a chance to acquire and utilize the accumulations of the past.

They live and die as genuinely cut off and disinherited from the history of civilization as their cattle or beasts of burden.

There is another class who acquire the *fashions* of their age, but nothing more. Such men get just so much of the life of their times as can be derived from superficial contact and external imitation. They become men of the modern age in so far as this consists in using current slang, singing topical songs, wearing clothes of a conventional pattern, and being familiar with the latest material conveniences. Externally, they are up to date; internally, they are simply human animals belonging to no time, and none the richer by the accident of being born here and now.

Viewed in the light of these facts, a liberal education should be regarded as the means of introducing the younger generation to its birthright, a sort of visiting the ancestral estate before taking possession. The best example of what I mean is afforded by historical studies, not only history in the usual sense of political history, but history as a record of man's past achievements in art, science, industry, and religion. The study of history in this sense is like pausing on one's journey to take a long look backward, so that one may see the direction of one's way, and realize vividly the place one has reached. And through history, one takes over the past and makes it one's own. One becomes so connected with the past, that we can be said to carry it on, or to begin where it leaves off. It is like running a relay race; when one's turn comes, one has to touch the last runner in order to take up the race in his stead, inheriting at the start the advantage that he and others before him have earned. Historical studies are a sort of touching of the past by which one claims one's place in the race, and runs not in the first but in the third or fourth millennium.

The first characteristic of liberal studies, then, is their affording a retrospect of civilization, giving the individual an opportunity to claim the past of mankind as his own past, and starting him abreast of his times. The extent to which you value a liberal education will so far depend upon the extent to which you wish to claim your title to the accumulated learning, experience, and achievements of man, or are satisfied to be disinherited, a person of no time, enjoying no point of vantage in the scale of progress.

Let us turn to a second characteristic. I have been using the

phrase "liberal studies" without explaining the meaning of the word "liberal." It means "free" or "generous." But why does one speak of studies as free, or generous? In contrast, I take it, with studies in which one is constrained by routine, or by the need of livelihood. But there is a more positive sense in which certain studies may be said to be free, in the sense, namely, of *making free,* or of increasing freedom. It seems fairly obvious that freedom is somehow proportional to the range of alternatives from which we may choose. If, as we say, "we have no other alternative," then what we do is the *only thing* we can do, and is therefore necessary. Similarly, we say of a man, "he never had a chance to do otherwise" and find in that fact evidence of lack of freedom. Now there is nothing that limits and reduces freedom so commonly as ignorance. In order that things shall be real alternatives for our choice, we have got to know about them; the things we have never heard of are the things we have never had the least chance of doing. It follows that a wide range of knowledge—knowing about a great many things—multiplies our freedom, increases the extent to which we may be said to do what we really want rather than what circumstance dictates.

What civilization makes possible, education may make real. For liberal education here again is what really brings the individual and the civilization of his age together. Viewed in this light, liberal education is a wide survey of the field of life, a broad outlook over all its manifold possibilities, so that one may *choose* in the presence of all the varied possibilities.

The most far reaching choice that a man makes is the choice of work. To a very large extent, far more so than we ordinarily understand, the work dictates to the man, *when once he undertakes it.* A job is a hard master. There is just one moment at which the job is not the master, and that is the moment at which one chooses the job. Hence if one never deliberately chooses the job, but simply grows up to it, falls into it by accident, or is thrust into it by others, or by the pressure of need, then one loses forever that moment of freedom. There is a sense in which everybody has a job sooner or later. It need not be one of the regularly defined professions or trades. But one finds a place

somewhere in the world's work, and once in the place, the work is, as we say, "cut out" for one. If one is to be free, then, one must be conscious, alive to the situation, and in some measure, at least, choose for one's self the work that one shall do. And the more completely one is aware of the varied possibilities which life affords, the freer is one's choice.

Liberal education, then, is the sort of education that helps one to choose one's work freely, rather than the kind of education that fits one for one's chosen work. The traditional view that one's college days are the days in which one should be *deciding what to do,* is essentially correct. And the studies which one pursues should be primarily those which present the alternatives in all their multiplicity and variety. They should enable one for the moment to take a *"general view"* before one descends into the plain and takes one's place. For in the plain, such general views are rare; and it is harder to profit by them even when one has them. "It is not the intention of Nature," says Emerson, "that one should live by general views. We fetch fire and water, run about all day among the shops, and markets, and get our clothes and shoes made and mended, and are the victims of these details, and once in a fortnight we arrive, perhaps, at a rational moment." The period of liberal education should be the greatest of such rational moments, the lucid interval, when we look all about, spy out the promised land, and are for once free.

It follows that this period of liberal study may well be a period of desultory attention, of a sort of spiritual idling and irresponsibility, when according to the standards of efficiency, time is wasted. To look back upon one's college days from the standpoint of an established position in the world, and say "my college studies have not helped me to succeed," is to betray an utterly wrong notion as to the essential purpose of college education. It was their essential purpose not to prepare one to succeed in the practice of law, for example, but to help one to decide wisely and freely *whether to aspire to such success.* Consulting the time table does not help you to catch your train, but it does play an important part in your deciding what train to catch. Among other things, it shows you what trains there are to catch, and the destination to which they are likely to carry you.

It is clear that one cannot judge the value of a liberal education by the standards of success or efficiency. It is quite essential to its value that one should hold such standards in abeyance. It requires an attitude quite different from that which is required by the actual contest of life, as different as the attitude of the general who plans a campaign is different from his attitude when he executes it. Once the forward movement is on, what is required is courage, persistence, skill, patience, and single-minded devotion to the matter in hand. These are the virtues of *action*. But other virtues are required in the time of deliberation and counsel, such virtues as imagination, breadth of view, and statesmanship. To profit most by liberal study or to acquire that which is peculiarly valuable in it, one needs freedom and elasticity of mind, the "proverbial generosity of youth," openness of mind, quickness of response, a toleration of the most ancient heresies and an eager interest in the most radical novelties; so that for once, albeit for only a fleeting moment, all things shall have presented themselves, and had their chance of acceptance or rejection.

There are few branches of knowledge that may not be liberal studies if only they be taken in this spirit. What I have said does not argue for a narrowing of the curriculum to the study of the ancient languages. On the contrary, as William James has said, "we must shake the old double reefs out of the canvas into the wind and sunshine, and let in every modern subject, sure that any subject will prove humanistic, if its setting be kept only wide enough." For a liberal education means, primarily, a retrospect of the past, an assimilation of the civilization of one's age, and a wide acquaintance with the possibilities of life, in order that choice of vocation may be wise and free.

CAN WE CONTROL OUR OWN MORALS?

DURANT DRAKE

I

HARD as it is to know what is right to do (and that, Heaven knows, is often hard enough), it is harder yet for most of us to make ourselves do what we agree is right. Our difference from the saints lies not so much in our ideals as in their ability and our inability steadily to realize them. Life for the average man is a perpetual battle between two opposing tendencies, that which his better self indorses—what we may say he really wants to do—and that which is easiest or most alluring at the moment of action—what he therefore usually does. To the earnest and aspiring this continual moral failure constitutes one of the most tragic aspects of life. To feel two natures struggling within one, to love and long for the pure, the unselfish, the brave act, and yet ignominiously, one hardly knows how or why, to yield to the selfish or sensual impulse—what among human experiences is more baffling, more saddening—or more universal!

If there were only some one else to blame for it! But the unpleasant truth is, our adversary is within. It was our own wish that persuaded us to the deed, our own temper that prompted the word. And staring at these facts we may well ask, Can we or can we not control our own morals? *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor. To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do.* From pagan and Christian pen alike comes testimony to this disheartening experience. If we make resolutions we somehow fail to keep them; or if for an inspired hour we do attain to the higher level and have a glimpse of what we might be, we soon lose the vision and fall back into the old ruts. Yet there are the saints to show us the possibilities of our poor human nature. Surely there must be some wiser and more effective method than most of us are using whereby we who have ideals beyond our practice may more regularly and consistently realize them.

Indeed, this would seem to be the fundamental problem of morality. Of what use is it to discuss and decide our ideals, if we are not going to live up to them? There is idealism, there is good will, there are noble aspirations enough in the world to transform it speedily into the Kingdom of God. What we need is moral efficiency, the transmutation of good will into good act. We need something to reinforce that mere knowledge of the harmfulness of sin or the advantages of virtue which by itself is so often ineffective in the heat of temptation.

Our fathers had an effective stimulus to self-control in their conception of all the lower part of our nature as the Devil's work. This was an exceedingly useful point of view. It defined the issue clearly, gave something tangible and indubitably bad to grapple with. But alas! with our gentler theology the Devil has become too hazy and unreal to be of much use to us. The fear of damnation for our failings is no longer vivid and stimulating, nor does Inward Retribution frighten us as Hell-fire did our ancestors. The distinction between the sheep and the goats is less sharp than it used to be; and so with our broader view of life we have relaxed somewhat that horror of sin that made the Puritan conscience such a valuable goad to right conduct.

On the other hand, we have seen in recent years a remarkable power for sweet and wholesome living displayed by the more ardent of our Christian Science brethren. And yet, again, to deny pointblank with them that there is any such thing as evil seems swinging a little too far the other way. We recognize that such a "religion of healthy-mindedness" would be very helpful in keeping our minds persistently set upon the good, and in an atmosphere of trust in ourselves. But our common sense balks at their placid ignoring of what is so smartingly real to us; and unless our conscience can be put to sleep we cannot adopt that undoubtedly inspiring belief.

But note! Here are two attitudes that have proved efficacious in banishing conflict and sin from many lives; two attitudes diametrically opposed—the one personifying, the other blankly denying evil—but both helpful, because each in its way has nurtured and kept alive in the mind a vivid and dominating anti-

sinning idea, which has been able to turn the mental equilibrium away from the power and persuasiveness of unruly impulses. The fact is, the particular form which our moral ideas take matters much less than the completeness with which they possess the mind. Almost any of the many motives to right conduct will reform a character if it be so stamped into the mind as to become the dominant idea.

The religions have been the chief means of effecting this; and though there have been many who have attained to a high ideal of life without aid of organized religion, such an organization, drawing men together for the reënforcing of their better life, is undoubtedly most efficacious. Conversion, especially if attended by vivid emotional experience, is an enormous power for righteousness in a life; and the recurrent attention to the precepts of the religion, under emotional conditions, tends to keep the power alive and active. Some religions are no doubt vastly better than others from this point of view; but there have been saints in all the faiths. It is not those who believe in some particular creed who succeed in right living, it is those of whatever creed, or of no creed, in whose hearts moral ideals have been so deeply engraved that they have come to be the dominating factor in controlling action. The existence of a vast hardly tapped reservoir of power for righteousness is preached to-day not only by religion but by science. We can control our morals, if we care enough to set about using the forces at our disposal. The various religions have found and used them; modern psychology, analyzing their success, shows us more clearly and exactly how to succeed ourselves.

II

Psychologically considered, this whole affair of saintliness or sinfulness is a matter of the preponderant idea,—and this whatever our decision as to "free will." If we rely upon our free will to follow the good, we shall very likely find that that free will, which is now longing to choose the good, will exercise its freedom in the hour of action by choosing the bad. Whether it does so or not will depend not on which inclination is the stronger during this hour of reflection, but on which is stronger when

they actually grapple in conflict. Whichever impulse, or set of impulses pulling in the same direction, is more deeply rooted in our mind will win, no matter what previous resolves may have been made or what repentance may follow.

To have merely resolved, then, is not enough. And in most cases the moment of temptation is too late to strengthen the good impulse so that it shall carry the day. The strengthening process must be attended to beforehand. Most of us are too much like the Irishman who never shingled his house, because when it was fair he didn't need to and when it rained it was too late to keep things dry. We forget that our moral forces must be drilled and made ready before battle. They may seem a brave array when we parade them in our hours of meditation, but how much fighting strength have they? "In time of peace prepare for war."

This fortifying process we are apt to call nowadays "suggestion." By enough of it we can strengthen impulses almost at will; we can so "set" our minds, so deepen the channels that flow toward the right actions, that when the time of conflict comes our minds will work along those grooves. Habit, to be sure, means a deep-cut channel in the mind; it may require much effort to dig a deeper one to take its place. Unless the work is persistently carried through, the mental currents, diverted temporarily into a new course, will soak through the barriers and find their old bed again. Moreover, different minds differ greatly in their plasticity, their susceptibility to suggestion. But the great fact remains that habits can be made over, temptations rendered harmless, and character formed, by this simple means.

It may be worth while to remind ourselves of the remarkable power of suggestion. It is most strikingly seen at work in the phenomena of hypnotism, because a person who is hypnotized is in a peculiarly susceptible state; he is asleep to everything but the words of the hypnotist, which thus have full influence over him, except as checked and balanced by the preëxisting bias of his mind. Hypnotism is simply the perfect case of suggestion, isolated from disturbing factors. The hypnotizing process itself, the putting to sleep, is only preliminary to the suggestion; and to patients who are difficult to hypnotize, "waking suggestion" is

given, with the patient in as relaxed and empty a state of mind as possible. The popular notion that healing through hypnotism is uncanny and dangerous, is of course entirely erroneous. To be sure, every great power has its dangers from misuse, and hypnotism is not to be used except for proper ends; but there is nothing occult about it. It simply uses the psychological truth that the mind acts on the predominating idea, by lulling to sleep all ideas but the one wanted and impressing that upon the mind. Immediate and lasting moral changes are daily being effected through suggestion by professional hypnotists.

But though the power of suggestion is most obvious when employed by the scientifically trained physician of to-day, it has been successfully, though often unconsciously, used in all times. Prophets and saints of old, the touch of a king's hand, the sight of relic or image, have wrought striking moral and physical cures through this same mental law. Christian Scientists and mental healers of various sorts are curing people daily through them. Cases of religious conversion, where a man's whole inner life is turned about through a powerful emotional appeal, show best of all, perhaps, the possibilities of suggestion in the moral field.

These are the extreme cases. But indeed all our moral education is, in psychological language, but so much "suggestion." The imperious necessity for man of preaching, of ritual and liturgy, of prayer and praise, is to drive home the high and noble thoughts which in his sanest moments he recognizes to be what he needs. The aim of the preacher is to bring to his hearers ideals of right living, and to make them as appealing and vivid as possible. Yet even the best preaching comes only on Sundays, and there are six days between of other sorts of suggestion, which are often counter-suggestions; so that it is no wonder we lag so far behind our Sabbath-day ideals. In subtle and unrealized ways all the factors of our environment are so many sources of suggestion, constantly working upon our minds.

Could we always command powerful and inspiring moral influences, and keep out of range of evil ones, our morals would perhaps take care of themselves. But while seeking so far as possible these external props, and if necessary having recourse

to the still more effective help of the professional hypnotist, there remains a vast deal that we must do for ourselves if we are successfully to resist the downward pull of evil influences, solve our individual problems, conquer our own peculiar temptations, and attain our ideals. We must practise auto-suggestion.

It is noteworthy that the loftiest spirits have always practised it, in their habit of daily prayer. For whatever else prayer accomplishes, it certainly brings the mind back to its ideals, concentrates it upon them, and, if sincerely and earnestly engaged in, is the best possible form of suggestion. The lapse of this habit helps to explain why unbelievers so often degenerate morally. Comte, that positive disbeliever in supernatural dogmas, clearly recognized this danger, and enjoined upon his followers a consecration-prayer three times a day. In recent years, the writers who call their doctrine by the name of *The New Thought*—and other kindred thinkers—have called attention to the possibilities of self-help, directing us to "retire into the silence," there to concentrate our minds upon those beliefs that are comforting and inspiring to us; and have helped many thereby to attain peace and self-possession. But still the conscious use of auto-suggestion for the attainment of personal ideals has been very little discussed, and in the employment of this great power we are astonishingly backward.

III

Let us then outline briefly, and without dogmatic context, the chief points necessary to note in using this force for our own benefit.

A necessary preliminary is to study our problems, analyze our difficulties, make sure exactly what we want to do and wherein we fail; and thereby to pin our aspirations down to definite resolves to act in certain ways rather than in certain other ways. Our ideals are apt to be vague and even conflicting, or else so abstract and general as to fail to direct us with precision to any concrete act. We realize dumbly that we are not what we should be, and we grope for better things; but just wherein the difference consists, just where is the point where we go off the track, is uncertain in our minds. As in physical achieve-

ment, half the success lies in applying the effort at just the right place. The men who have accomplished much are those who have known exactly what they wanted to do and have concentrated their energies upon that. If we have so much self-reformation to accomplish as to dissipate our attention, it may be wise to decide which changes are most immediately important and to limit our endeavors at first to those.

Included in this preliminary task is the fixation in our minds of the reasons for the lines of conduct we intend to follow, all the motives that draw us toward them. This will show us whether we, i. e., our better selves, really wish to acquire these new habits, are really convinced that they are right, or whether we are merely putting before ourselves some one else's ideal which we vaguely feel we ought or are expected to follow. One can often convince one's self quite thoroughly of ideas one did not really believe in, by this method of suggestion; but if we are to control our own morals we wish to control them not by some one else's ideals but by our own. If a thing is really right to do there must be definite and legitimate reasons for the doing which can appeal to our intelligence and our emotions; these we should bring into the foreground of our thought and express as clearly and forcibly as possible.

We have now the material for our work. We must so hammer these resolutions and the motives to them into our heads that they will be vividly conscious to us when they are needed. In this process there are three main points to be remembered—Concentration, Iteration, and Assertion.

1st—Concentration. The more completely the mind can be concentrated upon the resolution and its motives the deeper will they penetrate into it, to lie there ready for use at the moment of action. A definite time should be set apart when the mind can be withdrawn from other thoughts and compelled to give all its attention to this matter. On first waking, or just before going to sleep—if one is not too tired—one can usually best get away from the distracting details of life. The resolutions should be written down, with the most important words or phrases underlined to serve as catch words and mottoes. They should be read aloud and repeated from memory, as well as thought over

silently, thus adding visual and auditory images to the mental concepts. In meditating upon them one's thoughts should not be allowed to wander too far, but must be constantly referred to the definite numbered resolutions. The use of symbols, of colors, etc., will readily occur to anyone who goes into this matter with lively interest. Always repeat the resolutions with the greatest possible emphasis and enthusiasm, so as to carry them away ringing in the mind. Remember that the astonishing results of hypnotism and mental healing are due simply to the complete possession of the mind by the new idea.

2nd. Iteration. The oftener the mind is fixed upon the resolution and its motives the more deeply will they become engraved in it. Sometimes one determined concentration will carry the day; but if this quick assault does not win the victory a long-continued siege can do it. By hammering away continually at the same spot the requisite impression will finally be made. A momentary rehearsal of the resolutions may be made a hundred times a day, in passing; and immediately before the time for execution, if it can be foreseen, forces should be rallied even if only by an instantaneous flash of determination. Above all, one should not get discouraged and stop trying; for every renewed effort, even if showing no reward in success, produces its exact and unfailing effect. Keeping everlastingly at it is as necessary for success in morals as in everything else.

3d. Assertion. The more vigorously we assert our power to keep our resolutions the more likely we are to do so. It is largely lack of confidence in ourselves that paralyzes us. We live in the shadow of the past, whose repeated failures dim the enthusiasm by means of which we should otherwise realize the possibilities that are in us. The religions have realized the need of inspiring new confidence in their converts by preaching the necessity of faith. The faith we need is not necessarily faith in any supernatural help, but only in the demonstrated fact of the possibility of controlling our own minds and morals by going at it in the right way. But we must not passively wait for faith to possess us, we must grasp it, cleave to it, assert it. We must repeat our resolutions always with the conviction that we are really going to carry them out. We must picture ourselves at

the time of temptation, with the triumphant thought of how splendidly we are going to worst the Devil, and never for a moment think or talk of ourselves as likely to forget or yield. Such persistent assertion, even if there is a background of distrust that we cannot wholly banish from our minds, will greatly help. Whatever we may think about the ethics of belief as applied to supernatural things, the "will to believe" in our own power is certainly legitimate and important.

One excellent way to use this principle of Assertion is by "turning over a new leaf," declaring the old order over and the new begun. The sense of a definite break with the past, and a fresh beginning, may give just the extra impetus that was needed. The vital thing in such cases is to look out for the first tests; nothing helps like success from the beginning. But even when the enemy is repulsed by this charge with the bayonet the principle of Iteration must not be forgotten, lest he return and take us unawares.

The method thus outlined may seem to some too simple, too trivial, to accomplish much. The only thing to say to such is—Try it! It may take much effort and long vigilance; but the reward is great and sure. The joy of moral victory is one of the purest joys of life, and the battleground is always ready for the exercise of our powers; for ideals have a way of expanding when practice follows them closely, and the heights of spiritual attainment are limitless.

AMERICAN POETRY *

Dorothea Lawrance Mann

THE last ten years have marked a very decided change in the value of American poetry. At the beginning of this period poetry had reached its lowest ebb in the history of America. The verses were those so often characterized as "magazinable," printed and written as fillers. Poets who published volumes of verse were usually obliged to do so at their own expense, and could not hope for a large market, because the public was not induced to care for poetry. It was seemingly dead to the voices of its poets, and the effect was bad both upon the poets and the public. Our poets *are* our seers,—the men and women who see more clearly than the others and who can voice the visions that they see. At no time more than in the complexity of the present age have we needed poetry. During the last ten years, however, a tremendous change has taken place. America is awaking to its poets, and at the call of public appreciation poet after poet has come into recognition, till we not only do not feel that it is humiliating to compare the output of verse in America with that in England, but we feel confident that a greater poetic age is dawning here. It is the poets of America who have risen most nobly to the crisis of the present war, and with eyes unblinded by its issues have sung with deep visioning. Among the most potent of the influences which have brought about the poetic awakening in America has been the untiring work in the cause of poetry which has been done by William Stanley Braithwaite. Himself a poet of no mean pretensions, Mr. Braithwaite has possessed the clear insight of the critic and has devoted himself to the cause of native verse, often at the expense of his own poetic output. For ten years he has annually made a searching study of the leading American magazines, carefully weighing the poetry which they have printed, and he has published a review of this in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. So wide has become the

* *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914 and Year Book of American Poetry.* By William Stanley Braithwaite, Cambridge, Mass.: published by the author.

appreciation of this work and what it has meant to American poetry, that the public has demanded that these reviews, together with his *Anthology of Magazine Verse,* containing what in his judgment is the most significant of the poetry of the year, should be embodied in more permanent form, and for this reason now for the second time a book has appeared which is a distinct event in American poetic annals.

In the present volume, just published, even wider scope has been given to his achievement by the addition of tables of the volumes of poetry published during the year, with a brief summary of each, a list of the best ten volumes of verse for a small library, the best twenty-five volumes of verse for a larger library, and supplementary facts in regard to poetry for larger libraries. This addition makes the book a very fitting year book of American poetry and cannot help acting as a great spur to poetic activity in the entire country. It is the good fortune of Mr. Braithwaite to be able in these annual reviews to draw public attention to magazine verse and also volumes of poetry, which in his keen critical judgment it seems that the public should notice, and which often, if the author is not well known, receive scant appreciation. Thus in this volume he has called especial attention to the work of a new poet, E. Sutton, who in the past year has published three martial poems of distinction. He reiterates what he expressed last year in regard to the fine quality of the work of Mahlon Leonard Fisher, a poet who has not yet published a volume of verse, but whose first book is soon to appear. It is also his opportunity here to speak of the exceeding excellence of the lyrics of Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan, a poet who has been known to us previously through her dramas and through a few scattered magazine lyrics. Mrs. Dargan's is one of the significant volumes of poetry of the present season.

Nothing is more striking, even were we without the assurance of Mr. Braithwaite himself, than the superior quality of the verse of the present year over what has been gathered from the magazines in past years. As the basis for his observations Mr. Braithwaite has selected the seven leading magazines of former years, *Harper's, Scribner's, The Century,* The Forum, *Lippincott's, The Smart Set,* and *The Bellman.* He has added

to these this year three new monthlies and one quarterly, *The Trend, The International, The Masses* and *The Yale Review.* He has selected one poem each from the following magazines: *The Metropolitan, The Craftsman, The Poetry Journal, The Southern Woman's Magazine, Puck* and *The Infantry Journal,* and two from each of the following: *Poetry, The Nation, The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Outlook.* In addition he has selected poems from the following newspapers: the *Boston Evening Transcript, The Boston News Bureau,* and the New York *Evening Sun.* In the case of each of the magazines he has worked out a very interesting average, based upon the total number of poems printed and the number which he has found worthy of being called distinctive. This is of especial importance because of the light which it sheds upon the real value of the contribution to the permanent poetry of the nation, which each of the periodicals has made. Thus we find that while *The Smart Set* published 148 poems, only 18 of these were considered by the critic distinctive, as against 23 distinctive poems in *The Bellman* out of 42 printed, or in the case of the 71 poems in *The Century* in the past year, only 19 were selected as worthy of this appreciation, while 13 of the 33 poems in THE FORUM are on his distinctive list, and out of a total of 19 poems in *The Yale Review* 10 are credited in this manner. Thus we see from the table of his average that *The Bellman,* THE FORUM and *The Yale Review* are considered the most successful of the magazines in respect to the quality of the verse which has appeared in their pages. No rating of *The Yale Review* has been made before the present year, but in looking back we see that *The Bellman* and THE FORUM have been mentioned before for the high quality of their verse. Eighty-two of what he considers the most distinctive of the poems of the year are published in the *Magazine Anthology,* thus collecting the very best of the entire poetical output of the country into compact form.

As we pass from the question of the larger purpose of the book to the more intimate detail of its make up, we are particularly struck by the large number of long poems contained in it. A few years ago it was an understood fact that no poet

could hope to bring his more ambitious achievements to the public notice save through the pages of his own volumes. Here however we have the *Phi Beta Kappa Poem* of Bliss Carman (THE FORUM), *Romance* by Conrad Aiken (*The Poetry Journal*), *Old Fairingdown* by Olive Tilford Dargan (*Scribner's*), Percy MacKaye's *Fight* (*The Outlook*) and Vachel Lindsey's *The Fireman's Ball* in *Poetry,* as representative of the new tendency of the magazines to find place for the really serious verse. A lyric is the inspiration many times of a happy moment and by the turn of a phrase may come from a haphazard pen, but from the longer poems which express more fully the vision of the author, it is easier for us to judge in respect to an author's actual achievement. The long series of *Sonnets* by Arthur Davison Ficke, some of them representing a very high degree of excellence, which appeared in THE FORUM, are another evidence of the attitude of editors toward more sustained work.

Each year in Mr. Braithwaite's review, it has been of especial interest to observe what poem he has chosen as first in rank in his magazine anthology, and we recall the year when he had the opportunity to award this praise to George Edward Woodberry's *Comrades,* a poem which must continue to stand in the forefront of Mr. Woodberry's work. This year he has given precedence to *The Flirt* by Amelia Josephine Burr, and we feel very ready to agree with him in his estimate of the lyric appeal and the vital and impelling impression which are gained from the poem. There are many other poems which give evidence of the scope and variety of Mr. Braithwaite's appreciation, even as his ready acceptance of the *vers libre* assures us that he is actuated in his choice by no narrow dictates of preconceived ideas. Of the better known poets, we have the *Phi Beta Kappa Poem* of Bliss Carman's as well as the little song, *The Deserted Pasture,* which recalls vividly the *Songs from Vagabondia, Jewel Weed* by Florence Earle Coates, *Eros Turannos* by Edwin Arlington Robinson, and poems from Percy MacKaye, Clinton Scollard, Witter Bynner, (whose new book, *The Little King,*—Mitchell Kennerley—shows the widening scope of this poet's achievement), George Sterling, Madison Cawein, Amelia

Josephine Burr and Richard Le Gallienne. Walter Conrad Arensburg is represented by several poems, and two of the foremost of the present day singers, James Oppenheim and Louis Untermeyer, speak nobly the voice of the new age in poetry. Arthur Davison Ficke has shown a decided growth in power in his Sonnet sequence in THE FORUM, but no poet shows a more distinct advance in attainment than does Percy MacKaye in the surer utterances of this volume, particularly in the war sonnets which appeared originally in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. The entire list of poems is singularly promising and well repays the labors of the critic in their selection.

The first decade of Mr. Braithwaite's work as a creative critic has passed, and the change which the ten years have wrought in the attitude toward American poetry has been very great. To this change Mr. Braithwaite's work has certainly done much to contribute. Every year has seen the scope of his annual review taking on larger and more significant form until at the present date we have the Year Book of American Poetry, the precursor of what we hope may be a series of books of ever widening influence, which shall redound at once to the credit of American poetry and to an appreciation of the large work which has already placed Mr. Braithwaite in the foremost rank of our critics in the opinion both of America and of England.

WOMANKIND

May Tomlinson

AS regards womankind, the eulogistic and sympathetic strain of comment has been rather tiresomely prolonged. 'Twould be striking a new chord to declare that woman must rid herself of many defects before she can be the equal of man. The declaimer would be laying himself open to the charge of unfairness, unkindness, disloyalty. Nevertheless, for the sake of variety, we will let the pronouncement stand.

First, what are some of the general characteristic faults of woman? Unreason, self-will, jealousy, envy, spite,—these are common feminine weaknesses. They may be classed under the general term of pettiness. And here we have the secret of woman's recognized inferiority—her leaning toward pettiness.

These defects, now become constitutional and temperamental, may be—probably are—the result of centuries of subordination and intellectual neglect. They are a blemish to the fairest reputation, cropping out, some or all of them, even in women of notable sweetness of character, and occasionally disturbing the mental balance of women famed for good sense. The pettinesses of envy and spite Shakespeare ascribes to a man and makes them in him contemptible vices and the man himself a very devil. These traits may easily become devilish, even in a woman, but oftener they remain mere pettiness. Self-will is not inconsistent with charm, though trying enough at times. Unreason is a very decided mark of inferiority. It may be tolerated, yet that very tolerance is a recognition of inferiority.

Fiction affords some interesting illustrations of feminine unruliness, the temperamental type appealing always to the novelist as fair material for his purposes. In Gwendolen Harleth we see a girl who had been indulged in a disposition to dominate. She was one of those women who possess the power of inspiring fear as to what they will do or say, women who are capable of being disagreeable, even dangerous, if things don't go their way. But Gwendolen, we are told, had a root of conscience in

her; she had, besides, the advantage of gentle breeding. Where the determination to be supreme exists without the restraining influence of breeding—goes along with cantankerousness and vulgarity—the result is such a being as Tante—a tyrannous, dangerous, unscrupulous woman. "But Tante is a character in a book," I hear some one say. "Such women don't appear in real life." There are more Tantes in the world than one would suppose, only in real life they more often move without the enchantment of genius and charm, and there is not always a Tollie, shrewd and fearless, to straighten out the mischief they do.

A masterful woman is indeed an exceedingly disagreeable being, a tyrant of tyrants, a creature to fly from. Katherine, the shrew, was pliable as compared with her. Katherine needed only to be brought to a recognition of superior strength. But Petruchio himself could not subdue a determined despot. A woman of this sort invariably marries a man of gentle, refined instincts, and he for the sake of peace sinks his individuality, his subjugation becoming more and more complete as the years go by. Despise him, if you will. He deserves your pity, not your contempt. Try yourself to master an unconscionably dominant woman. She is not to be conquered. Her salvation can be wrought only through remorse or self-discontent, a state of mind quite contrary to her native spirit.

But mere good breeding, it might be said, would disallow any such show of faultiness. Yes. And what is good breeding but consideration for others? And is not considerateness of others the highest morality? And the highest morality is the most perfect mental balance, is it not? So it all comes back to this need of a fuller development of the mental powers.

At this stage of the world's history, it were folly to question the potential greatness of woman's intellect. If she has not yet reached the highest intellectual development, it is because her education has just begun, and also because her path is still beset with hindrances and vexations. In any estimate of feminine achievement, outside of what has been looked upon as her legitimate sphere of action, it should be borne in mind that every woman, unless rich enough to employ a maid, must perform for

herself, no matter what her professional labors, innumerable small tasks of which man knows nothing—for he does not even darn his own socks. We read how Charles Lamb, after his day at the desk, went home to play cribbage with his childish old father, and our hearts are touched at the thought of his sweet-tempered unselfishness. If the tale of sacrificed hopes and aspirations were told, it would be found that many a talented woman had practised this kind of self-denial.

The number of women who have exhibited creative genius of the highest order is small. They can almost be named on the fingers of one hand. Artistic expression among women has been more often interpretative than creative; their genius has been lyric and histrionic. To-day, however, women are distinguishing themselves in the field of letters, evincing therein creative power of no mean order. It is customary to say that, hitherto, women have been occupied with household tasks and home duties, but that now, as their domestic cares are being lightened through the introduction of labor-saving inventions, they are at liberty to seek other fields of action. It is therefore possible that their endeavors will be more and more in the direction of creative expression. Be it said, however, that the woman who is disinclined to put home interests first had better not enter into the bonds of matrimony. To the wife and mother home must be more precious than art. There have been, I suppose, notwithstanding Mrs. Browning's belief that a woman, to be truly an artist, must first realize her womanhood, women who were first and entirely artists, women to whom the home relations and the life of the affections were not essential. But such women are anomalies, and, as such, come not into our consideration.

Potentially then, woman is in every way man's equal, John Milton and Sir Thomas Browne to the contrary notwithstanding. To think otherwise would be to lose faith in human nature. But she has not as yet attained to that state of equality. She displays her inferiority in a lack of self-government. Her faults and weaknesses are largely temperamental, due to the very same conditions to which, when there is a modicum of reason to balance the tangential tendency, her exquisiteness is attributable.

So it behooves her to seek by every possible means the fullest development of all her faculties.

Sir Arthur Helps, in his essay on *Education,* devotes a few pages to the *Education of Women.* "Women's education," he insists, "must be made such as to ensure some accuracy and reasoning. This may be done with any subject of education, and is done with men, whatever they learn, because they are expected to produce and use their acquirements. But the greatest object of intellectual education, the improvement of the mental powers, is as needful for one sex as the other, and requires the same means in both sexes. The same accuracy, attention, logic, and method, that are attempted in the education of men, should be aimed at in that of women." He then proceeds to recommend the study of geometry as well as the study of the dead languages: "It may appear pedantic, but I must confess that Euclid seems to me a book for the young of both sexes. The severe rules upon which the acquisition of the dead languages is built, would of course be a great means for attaining the logical habits in question. But Latin and Greek is a deeper pedantry for women than geometry, and much less desirable on many accounts; and geometry would, perhaps, suffice to teach them what reasoning is. I dare say, too, there are accomplishments which might be taught scientifically; and so even the prejudice against the manifest study of science by women be reconciled. But the appreciation of reasoning must be got somehow."

To-day, the prejudice of which Sir Arthur speaks scarcely exists. All over the land, women are specializing in all sorts of scientific subjects. And yet, women as a sex seem not to have made any distinct progress toward the attainment of those logical habits which the worthy essayist deemed so desirable. Perhaps it is too soon to detect any clear results—the composite mind of woman may be undergoing changes as yet unperceived.

Practice in the use of words—I mean a thorough and practical training in the art of composition—would be one of those "accomplishments which might be taught scientifically," to use Sir Arthur's words. Between the power to reason and the power to discriminate there is a close kinship. A training which

would help to a nice sense of the force of words and a quick perception of delicate shades of meaning, and enable one to express oneself with accuracy and precision, would be of inestimable value. It is possible to give oneself this kind of training. The will to do is all that is needed. Devote a little time and care to letter writing. Correspondence with a congenial friend affords the very best opportunity for the cultivation of an easy, graceful style. Any effort toward self-expression, through any medium whatever, is worth while. The desire for such expression is an indication of growth. Its value will be in direct proportion to the wealth of knowledge and experience from which it springs. Hence the need of mental and spiritual enlargement, whether from books or from experience of life.

The reading of history will do much to broaden one's outlook. A general knowledge of the main events of history, including a broad survey of the progress of civilization, will save one from the idiotic notion that the world is growing worse every hour, a conclusion arrived at from a too close and too exclusive observation of present-day conditions, and scarcely warranted by the fact that some women smoke cigarettes and some men are unfaithful to their wives.

To recommend the reading of fiction may seem superfluous. Certainly, an exclusive diet of fiction would be as injurious to the mind as a diet of sweets to the body. Then, too, many women read novels for no other purpose than to pass away the time or to escape the chagrin of being outdone. But when one reads with some sense of artistic excellence, some comprehension of the author's purpose (for every work of art is the embodiment of some central idea), one derives both pleasure and profit from the reading. Consider the educative value of such a fictional accomplishment as George Eliot's masterly portrayal of the change wrought in Gwendolen Harleth (a conversion fit to rank with the making over of Caponsacchi, in *The Ring and the Book*). Of course, a full comprehension of the wonders of a great work of fiction implies some considerable mental capacity. A disinclination to mental exertion will reduce to a cipher the benefit of such reading. Not seldom, moreover, this kind of laziness goes along with inordinate self-complacency, a sure hin-

drance to growth. But, under the right conditions, the reading of imaginative literature becomes a profitable pastime.

In one way or another this enrichment must come, if women are to shake off the pettinesses of femininity. Each woman must determine for herself how her faculties can best be rounded out. Just what is one's duty in this respect is often a difficult problem, sometimes as difficult as the mooted question between Nora and her husband in Ibsen's famous play. Sometimes I half believe that what woman needs is not more freedom but more discipline —or a greater willingness to take discipline and a truer conception of the meaning of genuine liberty. Growth often comes through the doing of uncongenial tasks. Irksome bondage may be the preparation for the work we glory in.

I recall the case of a woman who from girlhood felt within her a strong desire to give literary expression to her inner self—felt not only the desire but the power. She was a member of a large household, and took upon herself many duties, doing, on principle, the tasks that came to hand, though seeking the while an opportunity for the accomplishment of her desire. I have heard her tell how, by exercising ingenuity and forethought (being careful not to shorten the hours needed for rest and sleep), she would manage to clear a space of time for her own use, and how invariably, when the day came, some unforeseen event—the arrival of an unexpected guest, the sudden illness of some member of the family, or the failure of the cook to put in an appearance—would frustrate her plans. And she, not having as yet proved her ability to do anything worth while, did not feel justified in saying, "I cannot help to-day; you must not depend on me; I have work of my own to do." Many and many a time she has gone to her room and wept hot tears of vexation over the disappointment and discouragement. But who shall say that the wealth which is hers did not come through that very trial? Her powers were ripening through those years; she was laying up rich experience; her spirit was being quickened and refined.

It is through the bettering of the individual that nations are ennobled. It is only through the strengthening of the individual woman that the sex can be uplifted. The masses will be as the

individuals that compose them. So it has been from the beginning, so it will ever be. Each mother, each daughter, has about all she can do to make herself what she should be. The woman who shall set herself earnestly to the task of making herself over will find the question of franchise a matter of little importance. When a woman who has shirked the obvious duties all her life long expresses a wish to be twenty years younger that she might work for the Master, one naturally concludes that the process of rectification has not yet begun in her.

There is an old-fashioned virtue that might well be revived. It is called humility, and it means unswerving loyalty to what is above us. Becoming to man and woman alike, it is particularly to be recommended to the twentieth-century woman. It is a virtue that engenders thought, stimulates aspiration, makes for sweetness and strength and fulness of spiritual life, links the past with the present and inspires hope for the future, discourages over-assertiveness and aggressiveness but hinders no proper growth. Let us hope for a more universal cultivation of this sovereign virtue.

TANKLE-TINKLE-TANK

Lizette Woodworth Reese

THE rector's attic window is a light,
Set high on shelf for all the folk to see;
His garden's windy-dim as it can be,
Where grow tall flags, some purple, and some white.
The next house, too, holds one pane softly red;
Three roofs beyond the vane's a rosy flare;
Milk-heavy, slow, through the exquisite air,
The cows go tankling to the milking shed.
Old loveliness is shaken down the wind;
Old vanished laughter drifts along the wall;—
The cows go tankling to the milking place;—
And of a sudden, the misty flowers behind,
The rector sees, through tears that aching fall,
His long-dead daughter, with her mother's face.

SOCIAL RELATIONS IN THE MODERN NOVEL

Louise Maunsell Field

THE great mass of men and women have always been by nature conservative, dreading change, striving in ways often pathetic and invariably futile to make fixed and permanent those very conditions which in a world of growth are above all others unstable, constantly varying, sometimes for better, sometimes for worse—conditions depending partly on military or political arrangements, more on opinion and the feeling engendered by a host of more or less definite traditions between man and man. The search for Final Causes in which so much of theology had its origin has been throughout the ages accompanied by the attempt to fix ultimate ends, embodied not only in creeds but also in established forms of social relationships; established, occasionally by written law, more frequently by that much more influential mandate we call public opinion. And it is the practical abandonment of this attempt, the admission, whether frank or grudging or regretful, that it is entirely useless and that the social organism is altering and must continue to alter, which is one of the most interesting characteristics of the modern novel.

Two-thirds at least of the great world-tragedies have sprung from this endeavor to stop growth by force; for the lesson, repeated again and yet again, that the cessation of change means death, is one which men are only now beginning to learn—and to learn, it would seem, with considerable repugnance. The much-discussed unrest of our time, against which so many writers feel it their duty to protest, is in great measure due to this enforced acknowledgment that whether we like it or not the conditions in which we move and live and think will not be the same to-morrow as they are to-day. The old cry was "Stay as you are!" The new one is "Move slowly!" How far and how fast we have already moved in this particular matter of social relations is nowhere better demonstrated than in the glaring contrast between the fiction of the present day and that written a hundred years ago—or even very much less. In our

modern novels—or rather in such of them as are worthy of consideration—there is a constant sense of ancient boundary lines crossed and recrossed until they are rapidly becoming obliterated, of a social life no longer divided and arranged according to certain fixed rules, but confused, disorderly, chaotic perhaps, but certainly not dead. For instance, the barriers erected by the old system of caste which the entire civilized world once obeyed have to a large extent crumbled away, and it seems probable that such of them as are left will scarcely survive this present war. Yet how rigid that system was even in liberal England a comparatively short time ago, Thackeray shows us in his brief history of the Pump family, a chapter in the famous *Book of Snobs.* "Old Pump sweeps a shop, runs of messages, becomes a confidential clerk and partner. Pump the Second becomes chief of the house, spins more and more money, marries his son to an Earl's daughter. Pump Tertius goes on with the bank; but his chief business in life is to become the father of Pump Quartus, who comes out a full-blown aristocrat."

Here we have an admirable picture of the gradual undermining of the power of the birth-caste by the increased social power of money—a picture whose modern complement may be found in Mrs. Wharton's admirable novel *The Custom of the Country,* where the socially ambitious heroine regrets that by marrying into the aristocracy of birth represented by the Marvells of Washington Square she "was in the case of those who had cast in their lot with a fallen cause," recognizing that the social systems now dominant were those which revolved about "a central sun of gold." One would have to look far to find a better illustration of a certain section of social relationships and its changes than is contained in this particular novel. The quiet acceptance of Undine Spragg by the Marvells and Dagonets in itself marks an immense transition; the mere possession of an uncle who was a merchant in Cheapside was in Jane Austen's day enough "materially to lessen" the charming Misses Bennet's "chance of marrying men of any consideration in the world."

But however skilfully drawn, the social conflict between the caste of birth and the caste of wealth, ending in the victory of

the latter, is not especially inspiring; for if the one is often futile, the other is frequently sordid. Through *The Custom of the Country,* as through that bigger and more vital, if less artistic, tale of social chaos, *Tono-Bungay,* echoes the cry "Waste! Waste!" Yet there is this one encouraging thing to be said; the caste of wealth is necessarily less rigid than the caste of birth. Men are rich to-day and poor to-morrow, and this fact makes both for impermanency and a weaker dominance. Already there are signs that the money power, great as it is and always has been, is slowly being obliged to share its authority, that its day of practical autocracy is on the wane. Arthur Stone, victim of a "Blind Spot," neither especially rich nor especially well born, becomes a member of the exclusive Athenæum Club, with all that such membership implies—and more.

And in this very story of *The Blind Spot* we see something of yet another aspect of these rapidly shifting social relations. Copley Latimer's traditions were those of Ralph Marvell—the traditions of the class from which both sprang—to spend their lives agreeably to themselves, and without doing any actual harm to any of their fellow-beings. Copley Latimer, however, is caught into certain of the new currents, and decides that he has been and is "a drone, and that drones were not altogether admirable." Here in this one sentence and in the experiences of this one by no means extraordinary young man we glimpse two phases of the change in social relationships as reflected in the modern novel; that to be a drone has become a matter of reproach, and that it is necessary to look beyond the individual to the problem of which he is at once the symbol and the result. A Copley Latimer of twenty-five or even ten years ago would have given that "gentle colored man" a handful of silver and thought no more about him; the Copley Latimer of to-day recognizes in him "one of the world's stray children . . . unfit to struggle, unbroken to harness," and seeing the question thus embodied sets forth to do his share towards finding the answer.

The substitution of this kind of social conflict for the old-time slaughter of war as a means of testing the valor of men, the feeling that war makes a thousand brutes for every hero,

is a view of social relationships in which the world of fiction is perhaps just a little ahead of the world of fact. And yet from its earliest beginnings fiction has enthroned the soldier as the chief of heroes: the *Iliad,* the *Morte d'Arthur,* the *Mahabharata,* all sing the glory of war. True, Arthur and Yudhishthir were not quite such mighty warriors as Launcelot and Arjun; nevertheless, they led armies, and led them gallantly. To-day, however, the battle-scarred hero is more or less ignored. Even in an historical novel like *Anne Feversham,* the real hero is no fighter, but that playwright and man of peace whom some called "Shakescene" and others "Gentle Will." Less often we have the protest symbolized so wonderfully by that "Ploughman" who marched out of the millet to his death, and so became for one who could understand a vision of all the simple, honest, hard-working men who at the command of king or emperor go forth to slay those like themselves in every way save that they chanced to be born on the other side of a boundary line. The waste, the folly, the horror of war—these are what we see reflected in the novels of to-day, whether they tell of what is past and present, as does *Down Among Men,* or are prophetic books like *The World Set Free:* a prophecy already fulfilled in part.

One section of social relations which troubles and perplexes the modern novelist as it never troubled or perplexed the novelist of a comparatively few years ago, is that of employer and employee. For the writer of the past the relative positions of master and man were easily determined—an inevitable part of the recognized scheme of things. Those few who voiced discontent were usually pictured as idlers, wasters, wretched fellows unwilling to do an honest day's work and blasphemously protesting against the station in life to which the Lord had assigned them. There were of course wrongs which could be righted, but beyond this even so sympathetic a person as Mrs. Gaskell did not go. The rebellious hero of *Mary Barton* hoped for little more than enough food to eat and enough clothes for warmth; he and his comrades asked the English Parliament only for a hearing—and were denied. Employers could of course be divided into good and bad and there existed abuses

which might be checked or even abolished, but the general position was unalterable. Yet how fast it has altered may easily be seen by comparing *Mary Barton* with Mr. Edwards's *Comrade Yetta.* Yetta's craving brain, her desire for knowledge and a rich, full life, her vision and her striving, are as far beyond the range of the earlier heroine as though they belonged to different planets. The point of view has not only changed and changed fundamentally, but it has a way of appearing casually in unexpected places. Mr. Hay's very entertaining book, *A Knight On Wheels,* for instance, is described by its author as "a frivolous narrative," yet the passionate protest therein voiced by the highly skilled workman, Brand, is very significant.

Great and far-reaching as these developments are, they are nevertheless dwarfed—in the modern novel, at least—by the swift-coming and radical changes in the relative positions of men and women. Nothing else has caused so many hard words or elicited so much bathos and solemn twaddle, yet there are now many even among the anti-suffragists who recognize that the old order is gone forever, that "the female of the species" will never again be content with the passive rôle once considered the only one possible for "a lady." The independent young woman of fiction is ceasing to be a horrible example, a subject for the other characters to lecture upon, or the sign and symbol of a broad-mindedness upon which the author plumes himself more or less consciously, and becoming a person to be taken for granted, part of that natural scheme of things she was once regarded as subverting. Mary Fairweather, the lovable heroine of Mr. Forman's very interesting novel, *The Captain of His Soul,* is on the staff of a magazine, lives with a girl friend in a little Washington Square apartment, is neither prig nor Bohemian but an intelligent, well-bred, self-respecting young woman—and the author does not present her with the manner of one crying: "Behold a phenomenon!" The response of Gwenda, the second of May Sinclair's "Three Sisters," to her father's angry declaration that he will not allow her to go to London, expresses the results of many years of evolution and effort in one simple sentence: "How are you going to stop me?" she asks—a question to which he who was surely com-

posed of that stuff of which tyrants are made, is quite unable to find an answer. This whole scene is indeed wonderfully typical of a certain altered phase of social relations as it appears in the modern novel. The veneration for a parent merely as a parent, which flung an Evelina or Clarissa on her knees before an unjust father, is gone: gone too is that grip on the purse-strings which formerly made the choice one between obedience and beggary; only one hold, one claim remains—that with which Dr. Stanchon contrived rather ungenerously to control the Lucia who was not merely his but also "To-day's Daughter"—the claim of affection. The tyrannical father, that stand-by of the old-time novelist, is a person who plays a very minor part indeed in present fiction. The modern heroine, like that Ethel Haydon who belonged to a future "World Set Free," goes "about her work," sometimes, it is true, in the face of parental opposition, but more and more frequently with parental applause. The father has been gently but firmly removed from his position of supremacy; the effort of the husband to cling to his forms a large percentage of the drama in twentieth century fiction—a symbol in miniature of the larger development which was progressing naturally and steadily until there suddenly broke upon an astonished world this war which seems destined to leave the writer, like everyone else, face to face with social relationships greatly changed, perhaps for the worse, perhaps for the better, but in either case radically changed.

This apparent paradox of the increased claims of society at large upon men and women of all kinds and classes, advancing hand in hand with the greater freedom of the individual to mould his own life, has had an incalculable influence on that somewhat tangled growth which is the social order of the present day. The young man and woman no longer wed at the dictates of their respective fathers or rebel against them in scenes as exciting as the author's skill enables him to portray; but in emerging from this control of the past they often find themselves commanded by their own consciences to submit to that of the future; i. e., the race. The responsibility was once to the parent; now it is to the child. And the tragedy springing from disregard of this responsibility is slowly beginning to appear in

the modern novel; it has much to do with Mr. Merrick's remarkable story of *The Quaint Companions;* it is the reason why poor Alice Cartaret was "foredoomed and driven" and her sister Mary a woman to shudder at. The high moral sense which prevents such a tragedy is the determining force in *John Ward, M. D.*

For the feeling of boundary lines partly if not altogether destroyed, of a confused, disorderly social life which we find in so many of our modern novels represents the throes from which a new world, a new order, a new set of social relations are being born. Old obligations are vanishing, and others fast taking their places. Responsibility is becoming widened, not destroyed, intensified, rather than forgotten; but it is responsibility of a different kind. Yet through all changes—to quote Marcus Karenin, the man of the future—"the spirit that desires to know, the spirit that resolves to do . . . lives on," while the "perplexities of the situation between man and woman and the trouble with the obstinacy of egotism," these are doomed. And it is this survival and this development, with all their attendant confusion and disorder and the terror of change which wails through many books—change which others welcome as the dawn of a new and better day—that make so puzzling and so interesting this question of social relations as we see it reflected in the modern novel.

AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS OF A HINDU STUDENT

SUDHINDRA BOSE

THE word America has a strange fascination for the young Indian. American ideals of liberty and the fullness of American opportunities exercise a mysterious spell over his vivid, Oriental imagination. Indeed, to an Indian youth America stands as the gateway to the richest possibilities of life.

No one knows definitely when the first Hindu student came to this country. It was about twelve years ago, however, that Indian students in any considerable number began to enter American colleges. At that time they came mostly from the provinces of Bengal and Bombay. To-day there are in American colleges and universities over two hundred Hindus, representing nearly every section of Hindustan. The majority of these students have come of their own accord and at their own expense, but not a few have been sent by various patriotic societies intent upon introducing Western science and Western methods into their native country.

From the day the Indian student sets his feet upon American soil, he endeavors to adapt himself as quickly as possible to his new environment. Naturally modest and at times awkward, he finds it no easy thing to gain access to American society. But the Indian is a good "mixer." He abominates clannishness and exclusiveness, and he cordially hates the idea of keeping himself to himself. Time and again, I have noticed Indian students, to the number of ten or twelve, refuse to club together for fear they would not get to know as much of American life and thought as they would if they were to live apart from their fellows and mingle with the Americans. Indeed, his extreme eagerness to become rapidly Americanized gives the Hindu unequalled opportunity to study America at first-hand.

The first person that the Hindu student thinks of seriously is, naturally enough, his teacher. The American university professor has fine force and personality. He enters into the very life of his students. He teaches not only by precepts and

ideals, but also by his own example. He never despairs of his students—not even the stupidest. He will turn the intellectual pockets of his pupils inside out, and if by chance he gets anything at all, his joy knows no bounds. The striking thing about him is not his ability to impart information, which is sometimes remarkable, but his innate capacity to draw out and develop the latent faculties of his students.

The American college professor is also very human. He does not stand on dignity—a quality which we Orientals through centuries of venerable tradition have come to regard as a necessary mental equipment for all great teachers. The American usually throws ceremony and reserve to the winds and meets his students on an equal footing. This is a new experience for the Hindu, who is accustomed to look upon his teacher with reverence, if not awe.

The life of the average American student appeals to his Hindu brother as being very happy and hopeful. These American youths seem to be possessed of incurable optimism. To be sure, at times their philosophy is of the ostrich kind; but it serves their purpose well. The American student is absolutely certain of himself. He sees no lion in his path; he knows no defeat. A chief trait of his character is his habit of ultra independence; authority, tradition, and precedence are alike meaningless to him. He thinks and acts for himself. He is his own lord and master.

Although the American student is intelligent, keen, and alert, he is none too industrious. When he is told that college students in India study from ten to fourteen hours a day outside their regular class work, he looks puzzled and incredulous.

Another peculiarity in the make-up of the American undergraduate is that, with all his abounding intellectual vigor, he is not thorough. He is like the Indian swallows at the temple eaves who only half build their nests. A probable explanation of this is his practice of taking too many subjects in too short a time. As he drifts from one subject to another, obtaining only a bird's-eye view of each, he never realizes the joy of dipping beneath the surface. His diversity of interests breeds superficiality and inaccuracy, and makes him content with mere

smatterings. If I were asked to compare the American with the Indian student, I should say that in point of capacity and natural ability the American ranks with the Hindu; in originality and energy the American is the superior; but in application and thoroughness he is inferior.

The average American student is a healthy animal, who likes out-of-door sports. But athletics, as carried on in this country, seem to be meant only for the chosen few, the picked minority. In contests the object is too often the victory, and not the game. Indeed, the whole system seems to be designed especially to develop "stars" and "record-breakers." The vast majority of the students cannot participate in the game; they are forced to sit back on the bleachers and "root." American football calls to my mind visions of Roman gladiatorial contests and Spanish bull fights. It is the most muscle-wrenching, bone-breaking game that I have ever heard of. In India athletics are placed on a different plane. The football played there is not dangerous, and injuries are very infrequent. Moreover, the professional element is lacking. We hear nothing of football coaches receiving higher salaries than college presidents.

Is there any social discrimination against the Hindus in America? Do they suffer any embarrassment on account of race or color? These are some of the questions which are frequently put to us. Before answering them I wish to bear personal testimony to the warm hospitality and to the many courtesies with which I have been treated everywhere. I count among my friends professors, statesmen, authors, journalists, university presidents—men and women who are more than passing figures in contemporary American history. They have received me with cordiality, and have admitted me to their friendship and to their homes without reserve. My countrymen are of the opinion, however, that my own personal experiences have been particularly fortunate, and that they furnish no adequate basis for critical judgment on questions of racial discrimination. They insist that the Americans are colorphobe. That they are somewhat prejudiced against the Hindu on account of his race (although he is of their own Aryan descent) is unhappily true. The notorious fact that such a prejudice

exists against all other Asian peoples does not in any degree extenuate the circumstances of the case. The pity of the situation is that such an unsympathetic attitude should be found in university circles. While occasionally Hindu students have been elected to offices of trust and responsibility, and a few have even been admitted to the close preserves of Greek-letter societies, it is nevertheless true that such fortunate ones are comparatively few. To ascribe this unsympathetic attitude of mind to poor scholarship or lack of administrative ability among Indian students is to do violence to truth and fact. The only plausible explanation is that they are discriminated against on account of their nationality.

There are also some Hindu students who think that because of their religious views they are given the cold shoulder. It is hard to understand why the Indians should be so treated in a land consecrated to absolute freedom of conscience in matters of religion. As a rule, Indian students keep their Hinduism, Mohammedanism, or Buddhism to themselves. At the same time, with characteristic Oriental broad-mindedness and liberality, they show great eagerness to learn the truth concerning the various religions of America. I happen to know of seven Indian students who are now attending a State university in the Middle-West. Although not one of the number is a Christian, yet every one goes to church on Sunday, and every one is a member of either the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, or some other form of young people's religious union.

It is odd that some church members look askance at the Hindu students when they undertake to express their convictions on any Indian topic from the Indian point of view. Last summer while I was touring through one of the States in the North-West a minister invited me to speak before his congregation on present-day social and political conditions in India. It was such a kindly offer that I accepted the invitation with thanks. Announcement was then made of the lecture in the local press, and all other arrangements completed. Shortly before the lecture, the minister called me to his parsonage and wanted to know if I belonged to his church. Having been answered in the negative, he looked anything but pleased. He

then urged me to make a strong plea on behalf of the missionary efforts of his denomination. As that was a subject I had never studied, I expressed my regret at not being able to comply with his request. Then came a sudden and awkward pause in the conversation. A cloud seemed to pass over his face. "I guess we will call your lecture off," at last broke in the minister. "If you do not belong to our church and subscribe to our views, we simply have to cancel the engagement." Since I preferred truth and sincerity to the privilege of addressing an audience, I rejoiced at his decision and went my way cheerily. Later in the same evening I met the minister and one of his deacons. "This is the young man who was to speak in our church," he said in introducing me to his church dignitary; "but since he is in a hurry to get back to his college, I have been forced to cancel the date for his speech. We must hear him some other time."

Although a stranger may not find perfect equality of social status in America, there is, so far as I can judge, unmistakable evidence of the equality of opportunity and education. Here the son of the President of the United States has as much of a chance to get a good education as the son of any ditcher in the city of Washington. I have seen needy students, who have been working their way through college as janitors, gardeners, and table waiters, stand at the head of the class and carry off every important prize. To my mind the world does not afford another instance of such a land of noble opportunity.

The American is always a very pleasant person to meet. His frank attitude of I-am-as-good-as-you instead of ruffling me, as it does the Europeans, puts me at my ease. I feel I am dealing with my equals. These free, hearty ways of the Americans are appreciated all the more when they are contrasted with the cold, reserved manners of the English with whom we come in contact in India. The titled Englishman who holds official position in India gives himself airs of being different from other men—a bit "superior," don't you know. In calling upon him one is expected to make a low bow, and remain standing at a respectful distance. How different in America! Here no one thinks of assuming airs of importance, even though he may be holding

a high Government position. I recall that shortly after my arrival in the United States, I had occasion to call on a federal officer—a man well known throughout the country. Anxious to show proper respect for authority, I remained standing at his desk. "Sit down," he courteously requested; "drop into a chair. Make yourself at home."

With all his virtues, and he has many, the American is frequently regarded by the Hindu as an uncompromising individualist. He is self-complacent, self-sufficient. He is so wrapped up in his own affairs that he sometimes shows little or no interest in others. When we meet an American we pelt him with a rapid fire of questions regarding the standards, customs, and institutions of his country, and invite him to a friendly discussion concerning our own; but he seldom, if ever, returns the fire. He is satisfied with such news as is filtered through the Associated Press. Needless to say, the great bulk of this news deals with the odd, the extravagant, and the ridiculous; it rarely touches upon the best side of our national life.

Thus it has come to pass that Hindu students, desirous of enlightening those who are willing to learn the better truths about India, have recently started the Hindustan Association of America. This Association is a national organization with a branch in every important centre of Hindu students in America. It seeks to promote better and more sympathetic understanding between the United States and India. This it aims to accomplish through the medium of lectures, exhibitions, dinners, and other forms of entertainment. Last year the Iowa chapter of the Hindustan Association gave a Hindu play, which portrayed Hindu social life. In order to bring to the occasion an atmosphere of Indian life, the stage setting and the costuming were made entirely Indian. There is reason to believe that the audience which attended this play went away with a better insight into the Hindu literature and the Hindu social problems than could have been obtained by wading through several ponderous tomes on India.

In the long list of the activities of the Hindustan Association, mention may be made of its publications. At present, it issues, from time to time, a *Bulletin,* which gives information

concerning American educational opportunities for the stay-at-homes. It also publishes a quarterly magazine called *The Hindustan Student.* This periodical deals with Indian educational and social problems in the light of American experience. Both these publications command a large circulation in India and among the Hindu students in the United States and Europe. Indeed, the Association, by bringing America and India closer together, is rendering a most valuable service. It not only affords us an opportunity to discuss questions of Indian interest with our American friends and sympathizers, but it becomes a sort of clearing-house for the exchange of American notes and impressions.

To conclude, the Indian student before he arrives in this country entertains a highly extravagant view of American ideals. As a matter of fact the experiences which follow actual residence tend to wear off the poetry and the glamour of American life. But it is a fact that he never loses faith in the ultimate triumph of the vitalizing influences of American democracy. He is glad that he came to this land, and feels that because of his coming his life will be deeper, richer, and more fruitful.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL DRAMATIST: FRANÇOIS DE CUREL

ERNEST A. BOYD

CRITICISM has been unusually benevolent toward François de Curel, in spite of the fact that he has run counter to many of the most cherished traditions of the French theatre, and violated all the conventions of dramatic writing in the process. It is not the least of his distinctions that, while he was at once recognized by the critics as a writer of unusual merit, he has since failed to establish himself in their favor. Certain of these critics rapidly modified the praises with which they greeted his early work. M. Doumic, for instance, warns de Curel that he must no longer expect the tender encouragement with which his efforts as a beginner were received, and calls upon him to write a play! Since that exhortation de Curel has shown no signs of penitence, but has rather accentuated the faults to which M. Doumic and the conventional critics objected. He is determined, it seems, to disappoint the hopes which were entertained of him, and to miss the fame which was at one time within his grasp. In the course of twenty years he has only written nine plays, of which five belong to the period of his début. The production of a new play by François de Curel, *La Danse devant le Miroir,* after a silence of seven years, serves to focus attention once more upon a writer known only to those who wander in the bypaths of contemporary French literature.

In the year 1891 the *Théâtre Libre* enjoyed a unique position as the centre of modern drama in France. Antoine had shown his appreciation of new talent by producing the work of men like Brieux, Jean Jullien and Porto-Riche; and François de Curel was also amongst those who made their appearance under the same ægis. Under different names he sent *L'Amour brode, L'Envers d'une Sainte* and *La Figurante* to Antoine, who accepted all three, and produced the first in conjunction with Brieux's *Blanchette,* on the 2nd of February, 1892. Thus, by a peculiar coincidence, the two chief exponents of the French "drama of ideas" were both introduced to the public on the same night. De Curel, how-

ever, was not quite unknown. As a novelist he had already acquired a certain reputation which led one critic to prophesy success, if he would turn his steps toward the theatre. But the comic spirit manifest in *Le Sauvetage du Grand Duc* was something entirely different from the sombre irony of *L'Amour brode.*

L'Envers d'une Sainte dealt with an interesting psychological problem, to which the author was afterwards to return in *L'Invitée.* Julie Renaudin, having failed in her attempt to murder the wife of the man she loves, retires to a convent to expiate her crime. On hearing of his death she returns to his widow and child. The problem lies in the attitude she will take up toward her former rival. What has been the effect of some twenty years' absence upon Julie's love for the dead man? In *L'Invitée* the author studies similarly the effect of a prolonged separation upon the maternal love of Anna de Grécourt, who has left her husband and her two daughters, on account of his infidelity. In neither play does de Curel adopt the traditional sentimental point of view. Julie cannot sense any feeling of jealousy, and is unable to revenge herself upon her former rival, in spite of the dictates of theatrical romanticism. Anna de Grécourt, similarly, fails to experience any of the tender emotions which the sight of her long-lost daughters should—theoretically—have awakened in her. The study of the two girls is equally disconcerting from the sentimental standpoint. They do not guess instinctively that this stranger is their mother; their only reason for wishing to go away with her is that the presence of their father's mistress is socially prejudicial to their matrimonial prospects. At the instigation of their father the girls simulate the piteous appeal of children who have yearned in vain for a mother's love. In this delightfully ironical scene Anna discovers the deception, but decides from purely human motives to take them with her, although she is quite unmoved by this attempt to exploit the famous "maternal instinct," of which the dramatists have given us a surfeit. The whole play is an interesting study of human egoism; Grécourt who will not sacrifice his mistress to the welfare of his children, the latter who are only concerned with the material advantages attaching to the presence of a mother, and finally Anna, who cannot give up her freedom as an individual for the

sake of her husband and family. The interplay of personal motives is interesting, but to the conventional Frenchman certain passages must have seemed nothing short of sacrilegious.

L'Amour brode, the only play of de Curel originally produced at the *Comédie Française,* is his only failure. This may be explained by the fact that it is definitely neither comedy nor drama, but hesitates between the two, with the result that critics and public alike were unable to realize the author's intention. A writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes* compared Gabrielle de Guimont to Hedda Gabler, in a desperate attempt to make something of a play which he described as unintelligible. *L'Amour brode* is an elaborate satire, in the Shavian manner, of romantic idealism. Gabrielle is completely enslaved to the romantic conception of love; like Raina, in *Arms and the Man,* she must love a "hero." Unfortunately Charles Méran has none of the qualities necessary for the part, but he is none the less desirous of realizing her heroic ideals. In order to be worthy of her love, he calls upon her to impose upon him some great sacrifice, which will provide him with the requisite halo of glory, whereupon she invents a test of such a nature that he can only fulfil it by deciding to end his life afterwards. Gabrielle imagines that this talk of suicide is merely part of the mantle of picturesque heroism which has fallen upon him, and she continues her melodramatic device of hero-making. Finally, he gazes into her eyes in the last scene, and seeing himself reflected there in all his heroic glory, he shoots himself before the inevitable disillusionment comes to obliterate the recollection that once, at least, he appeared to her a hero. The irony of the play is obvious, and only the inability of the public to appreciate the satire on the average melodrama of "passion" can account for its failure. The production of *Arms and the Man* in Paris will enable us to see whether the last twenty years have chastened the devotion of French playgoers to those manifestations of sentimentality which Shaw and de Curel have so consistently criticised. It is interesting, meanwhile, to note that *La Danse devant le Miroir,* in which the author reverts to the same theme, has met with more appreciative criticism than its predecessor *L'Amour brode,* owing, no doubt, to its more restrained irony.

La Figurante is the last of de Curel's psychological plays. Henceforward he is concerned mainly with the drama of ideas. It chanced, however, that this piece was not produced until after *Les Fossiles,* which marks the transition to his later manner. The subject is the familiar triangle of modern French comedy, *le mari, la femme et l'amant,* but the treatment is a departure from the lines prescribed by custom, being equally far removed from the "*tue-la*" of Dumas *fils* and the playful adulteries of the Capus school. The critics were revolted at the cynicism of M. Monneville, who calmly accepts the presence of his wife's lover, consoling himself with palæontology, and an occasional epigram at the expense of the man who has supplanted him. Monneville has evidently the same point of view as M. Bergeret, whom Anatole France has analyzed so wonderfully in similar circumstances. One critic exclaimed indignantly: "He not only allows his wife to have an occasional 'adventure,' but even sanctions '*un adultère régulier.*'" The action of the play centres round the struggle of Madame de Monneville to retain the love of Henri de Renneval, after the latter's marriage with her niece Françoise. The situation is by no means unusual on the French stage, but de Curel was accused of brutality because of the open manner in which the struggle is portrayed. Françoise refuses to accept the position of a figurehead, and ultimately defeats the plans of her aunt, by winning the errant affections of her husband. *La Figurante* was condemned, more or less, as immodest; de Curel's conception of adultery being too unromantic to be widely successful in its appeal.

Les Fossiles constitutes the nearest approach that de Curel has made to a popular success. The "fossils" he studies are the families of the old French nobility, buried away in the provinces, out of touch with modern ideas, and cut off from all active participation in the life around them. There is a tragic hopelessness in the existence of the de Chantemelle, whose *raison d'être* is the preservation of their race. No sacrifice is too great for their devotion to this last ideal, which seems to justify their ineffectual existence. Robert de Chantemelle is unmarried and in the last stages of consumption: it seems, therefore, as if the name must die with him. The old Duke, however, discovers that Robert's

mistress, Hélène Vatrin, has had a child who is a de Chantemelle, and he determines that his son shall marry her, so that the child may bear his father's name. Claire de Chantemelle recoils in horror at the proposal, for she knows of the relations which existed between Hélène and her father, before her brother came upon the scene. Claire's scruples vanish when she sees her father and brother both prepared to sacrifice morality and pride to the preservation of the family name. The effect of the marriage is to undermine Robert's caste prejudices, and in the long talks with his wife he comes to appreciate the change of modern conditions. The tragedy comes when he one day learns of the relations formerly existing between Hélène and his father. He revolts at the sacrifice imposed by pride of race, and hastens away from the Riviera, where his health was recovering, to meet certain death in the colder climate of the north. In a fine closing scene Claire reads her brother's will, in which he eloquently sums up the evils of the inertia to which his family and their class have condemned themselves. As an indictment of caste, the play is not without interest, but it is disfigured by a banal element of melodrama, which no doubt explains its comparative popularity.

The *savant* has become a familiar figure in the French theatre, where his literary or scientific attainments serve to enhance the attractions of the sympathetic hero. François de Curel, however, in *La Nouvelle Idole,* has portrayed the *savant* pure and simple; not the familiar "*cabotins de la science,*" but one in whom everything is subordinated to the pursuit of knowledge. Albert Donnat's researches have been devoted to obtaining a cure for cancer, and when a young consumptive girl, whose death is merely a matter of a few months, comes to him for treatment, he resolves to make her the subject of experiment. He inoculates Antoinette in order to procure a vaccine which he believes will prove effective in combating the dreadful disease. His exalted faith in the seriousness of his mission relieves him of all doubt as to the justification of this procedure. With inhuman logic Donnat recognizes that once the principle is admitted, no limit can be set to the domain of vivisection. But Antoinette recovers, not as a result of scientific treatment, but, as she believes, owing to the miraculous intervention of Lourdes. Don-

nat finds himself in the presence of an unknown force which he has all his life denied. In the meantime, Antoinette realizes that she has only been saved from tuberculosis for the more awful slow death of cancer. She resolves to sacrifice her life cheerfully, not guided by the material logic of the scientist, but in obedience to some inner force which he is now obliged to recognize as a more powerful factor in human life. This girl is a mystic: her faith in the spiritual shakes Donnat's confidence in the self-sufficiency of his scientific materialism. Impressed by the grandeur of her sacrifice, he determines to end his life by subjecting his own body to experiment, so that he too may die having contributed something to the advancement of human happiness. Such is the conflict of faith and science as it appears to the author of *La Nouvelle Idole*. It is essentially a *pièce à thèse,* as witness the long speeches in which Antoinette and Donnat explain their respective philosophy. It is also the only play of de Curel that has been presented in English, being performed by the London Stage Society some years ago. This experiment was completely ruined by inadequate translation.

In *Le Repas du Lion,* the dramatist returns to the subject of the conflict between the ideals of past aristocracy and the conditions of modern democracy. Jean de Sancy belongs to the feudal past so powerfully evoked in *Les Fossiles*. His solitary youth has been spent on the family estates, whose very earth seems a sacred inheritance, to which he is attached by the most intimate fibres of his being. With dismay he sees this seclusion invaded by the progress of modern industrialism. Georges Boussard, his brother-in-law, is an engineer, a capitalist who has no sympathy with the prejudices of the landed aristocracy. Jean regards his proposal to work a mine on the de Sancy estate as a violation of tradition. One night, thinking the mines are empty, he opens a sluice gate to flood them. Next day it is discovered that a miner has been drowned. Stricken with remorse, de Sancy resolves to consecrate his life to the working classes. In time he becomes a famous Socialist orator, but he is unhappy, for he feels there is something unreal in his eloquence. When the crowds thrill in response to his appeals, he finds himself enjoying the same satisfaction as the actor who plays a successful

part. His doubts are confirmed by Boussard, who points out that he has done nothing for the workers, but has simply found fame for himself. There is only one way to help the men, "to open up new fields to human activity." De Sancy feels that his efforts at reparation have been in vain, that modern feudalism is the exploitation of labor by capitalism, and the feudal aristocrat that is in him responds to the arguments of Boussard. In a violently reactionary speech he proclaims his new faith. He points out to the workers their inferiority, explaining that the employers are the natural leaders of the people, all that they have being the result of their superior ability and enterprise. It is right that they should have the lion's share of the product; the jackals should be only too glad to eat what remains when the lions have fed. This metaphorical flight so exasperates the workers that one of them shoots de Sancy, while the others declare a strike, and proceed to devastate all before them. This is the reply of the jackals, who have sometimes been known to fall upon the lions and devour them.

La Fille Sauvage is probably the most genuine drama of abstract ideas on the modern stage. It is nothing more or less than an attempt to express in dramatic form the clash of barbarism and civilization. The characters are not living people, but symbolic abstractions, like those of the mysteries and moralities of the Middle Ages. Psychology, action and all the essentials of drama are subordinated to the exposition of ideas. In the course of four acts, a rudimentary being is transformed, and passes through all the stages of civilization which we have taken thousands of years to accomplish. Marie, the savage, is little better than an animal when she is brought in a cage to France by Pierre Moncel, the explorer, who has undertaken to civilize her. Placed in a convent, she is educated as a Christian. Then Moncel takes her in his charge, familiarizes her with the art, literature and philosophy of modern Europe, but gradually destroys her faith in the supernatural. It is evident, in the course of their conversations, that the only thing that still upholds Marie is her confidence in, and love for, Moncel. This is taken from her when he urges her to return to Africa and become queen of the tribe by whom she was first captured. She then sees that she is noth-

ing more to him than the subject of an interesting experiment, whose complete success demands that she shall sacrifice herself to the spread of civilization in Africa. She returns to the native king and becomes his chief wife. As Queen of the Amaras, she gradually reverts to her primitive animality, being no longer sustained by religious belief, and far removed from the personal influence of Moncel. By degrees her veneer of civilization wears off, until at last all her instinctive barbarism triumphs, with this difference that it is rendered a thousand times more fierce by the disappointed hunger of her newly awakened intellect. There are few more poignant dramas than *La Fille Sauvage,* where the absence of action, and the evident abstractions which the characters represent, throw into relief the dramatic evolution of the human soul. It is with a sense of tragedy that we witness the final catastrophe, when Marie's ideals have been destroyed and her illusions shattered. It is as if the whole drama of human existence had been crowded into a few acts.

It is not surprising that *Le Coup d'Aile* should have been the subject of much embarrassed commentary, for it could not be described as patriotic, while the author's reputation made the accusation of anti-militarism ridiculous. It is in fact an impartial analysis of the motives of those who seem stirred to great enterprises by the sentiment we call patriotism. Michel Prinson, an officer in the Colonial army, has done great work on behalf of his country. The official and almost national recognition of his services has infected him with the *mal de la gloire.* Caught on the wing of Fame, he aspires to greater achievements, and determines to add to the African possessions of France. He becomes the ruler of a native tribe, where he is one day visited by his colonel and an escort. Prinson, fearing they have come to deprive him of his authority, attacks them, and fires on the French flag. A great scandal ensues, as a result of which Prinson disappears. It is popularly believed that he has been massacred in a native rising, whereas he has really been living as a social outcast at the expense of his brother Bernard. He subsequently returns to France and urges Bernard to enable him to set out again for Africa, where he hopes to redeem his former disgrace. Michel's daughter Hélène has mean-

while conceived a great sympathy for this romantic stranger whose identity is unknown to her. Guessing that there is some crime, some tragedy in his life, her ambition is to commit an act that will place her upon the same level, so that she may go away with him. The fact that it is the time of manœuvres gives her an opportunity, for Colonel Hérouard is quartered in Bernard's house, and with him is the flag, which Hélène determines to destroy. She steals it, and then triumphantly announces to Michel that she is a criminal like himself, and worthy to go with him as his daughter. Her father then reveals his identity, which immediately produces a revulsion of feeling in Hélène, whom he finally carries away by force. The real interest of *Le Coup d'Aile* lies in the conversation between the Colonel and Prinson, and the attitude of the characters toward the flag. Hérouard is the traditional blunt old soldier, to him the Tricolor is the symbol of France. To Michel, on the other hand, it is a symbol of glory. He points out that it is absurd to pretend that native troops, or the outcasts of the Foreign Legion, have any sense of military honor or devotion to France. They act from a sense of necessity or mechanical obedience. When they do experience any personal emotion, it is merely the consciousness that in the flag they have a chance of achieving fame for themselves. This is sufficient to spur to action men who care nothing for all that a flag represents. Prinson admits that never once was patriotism the motive of his actions; all that he did "for France" was the outcome of a purely personal desire for glory. When the interests of his country were incidentally served with his own, his deeds were patriotic, when both interests clashed he was a traitor. In *Arms and the Man* Shaw has analyzed the conception of military glory and discovered that it does not exist; de Curel's conclusions seem to be identical. The business-like Bluntschli, while an efficient machine, could never become one of the giants of military history, whereas there is nothing in the mentality of Michel Prinson that would be incongruous in a Napoleon. For Shaw's logic, de Curel has substituted the weakness of human passion.

François de Curel shares with Brieux the honor of having invented what a well known critic describes as the "*théâtre con-*

férence," referred to disparagingly elsewhere as the "talking play." In the theatre people are more disposed to be emotional than critical, hence his failure to appeal to any but a limited public. Audiences accustomed to the idealizations of the ordinary commercial success could not but be disconcerted by the manner of de Curel. Anna de Grécourt, Françoise de Renneval, Gabrielle de Guimont—almost all de Curel's women are "unpleasant," from the conventional standpoint. Their self-control must have contrasted unfavorably with the "adorably feminine" creations of Donnay and Porto-Riche, whose *amoureuses* appeal so irresistibly to the popular imagination. Obviously the dramatist who refuses to be eloquent on the subject of passion, lyrical in his adoration of women, and sentimental in his glorification of motherhood, can never hope to obtain the approval of the crowd. It was not until he approached the more abstract themes of *La Nouvelle Idole* and *La Fille Sauvage* that de Curel made any concessions to the demand for sentiment. The frailty of Antoinette, her heroism in sacrificing her life to the success of Donnat's experiment, provided the emotion necessary to secure sympathy for the author's thesis. Marie's love for Pierre Moncel, and her subsequent renunciation, were sufficient to make the public accept the abstractions with which the play is peopled. These concessions mark to some extent a deterioration of his early technique. Thus, while de Curel has disappointed some of his first admirers, he has converted many who were formerly hostile.

In his desire to exalt the idea at the expense of characterization, de Curel has been led to idealize all the male characters in his later work. They become, in their intellectual plenitude, the personification of the ideas for which they live. By contrast, therefore, the women appear weak and evoke sympathy. They seek in emotions what the men find in ideas, creating incidentally a bond of feeling between the dramatist and his audience. But it is doubtful if this will prove sufficiently strong to hold a large audience. The unromantic realism of his early work, and the absence of dramatic action in his later plays, indicate de Curel as a dramatist to be read rather than to be seen in the theatre. There is, it is true, something of the classical tragedy in *Les*

Fossiles, but the motives of the de Chantemelle, the atmosphere in which they live, are too remote from modern conditions to command sympathy.

Intellectually, François de Curel is an aristocrat out of touch with his age. Jean de Sancy, in *Le Repas du Lion,* is to some degree the expression of his creator, with his distrust of present day ideals and his antipathy to industrial democracy. Like Jean, de Curel is devoted to the country, in whose solitude he is more easily transported into the past, in which he lives. His secluded life has preserved him from any trace of Parisianism; he regards modern problems with the detachment of a recluse, to the irritation of many who mistake his impartiality for obscurity. He resembles Bernard Shaw in his analysis of emotion, and his belief in the efficacy of human motives, stripped of all the glamour of false idealism. But de Curel is grave and restrained, aristocratic in his sympathies and incapable of paradox, while Shaw never fails to treat serious subjects with becoming levity. At the same time François de Curel is one of the most interesting dramatists in contemporary French literature. He merits the attention of all who are concerned for the welfare of the uncommercial theatre.

A MUSICAL PRIMITIVE

Modeste Moussorgsky

JAMES HUNEKER

ONE need not be a Slavophile to admire Russian patriotism. The love of the Russian for his country is a passion. And from lips parched by the desire of liberty—though persecuted, exiled, imprisoned—this passion is voiced with unabated intensity. What eloquent apostrophes have been addressed her by her great writers! How Turgenev praised her noble tongue! The youngest among the European nations, herself a "nation with genius," must possess a mighty power thus to arouse the souls of her children. "Russia right or wrong!" seems to be the slogan, even of those whom injustice and cruelty have driven to desperation. It is the land of neuroses and the form that patriotism assumes there may be one other specimen. Yet the Russian is a cosmopolitan man; he is more French than the Parisian, and a willing dweller in the depths of German thought. The most artistic of Russia's novelists, Turgenev, was cosmopolitan; and it was a frequent reproach made during his lifetime that the music of Tschaikovsky was too European, not sufficiently national. Naturally, Anton Rubinstein suffered the same criticism; too German for the Russians, too Russian for the Germans. It was altogether different in the case of Modeste Moussorgsky.

To enter into sympathy with Russian music we must remember one thing: that the national spirit pervades its masterpiece. Even the so-called "cosmopolitanism" of Peter Illitsch Tschaikovsky is superficial. To be sure, he leaned on Liszt, and the French, but booming melancholy and orgiastic frenzy may be found in some of his symphonies. According to the judgment of the Rubinsteins he was too much the Kalmuck; Nicolas Rubinstein severely criticised him for this trait. But of all the little group that gathered about Mila Balikirew fifty years ago there was no one so Russian as a certain young officer named Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgsky (born 1839, died 1881). Not Rimski-

Korsakoff, Borodine, Cesar Cui were so deeply saturated by love of the Russian soil and folk-lore as this pleasant young man. He played the piano skilfully, but as amateur, not virtuoso. He came of good family, "little nobles," and received an excellent but conventional education. A bit of a dandy, he was the last person from whom to expect a revolution, but in Russia anything may happen. Moussorgsky was like other well-nurtured youths who went to Siberia for a mere gesture of dissent. With Emerson he might have agreed that "whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist." With him rebellion against law and order revealed itself in an abhorrence of text-books, harmony and scholastic training. He wished to achieve originality without the monotonous climb to the peak of Parnassus, and this was his misfortune. Two "anarchs of music," Richard Strauss and Arnold Schoenberg, reached their goals after marching successfully through the established forms; and the rude rich music of Walt Whitman was achieved only after he had practised the ordinary rules of prosody. Not so with Moussorgsky, and while few youthful composers have been so carefully counselled, he either could not, or would not, take the trouble of mastering the rudiments of his art.

The consequences almost outweigh the evil results—his opera, *Boris Godounow*. The rest of his music, with a few notable exceptions, is not worth the trouble of resuscitating. I say this although I disagree with the enthusiastic Pierre d'Alheim—whose book first made me acquainted with the Russian's art—and disagree, too, with Calvocoressi, whose study is likely to remain the definitive one. I've played the piano music and found it banal in form and idea, far less individual than the piano pieces of Cui, Liadow, Stcherbatcheff, Arensky or Rachmaninoff. The keyboard did not make special appeal to Moussorgsky. With his songs it is another matter. His lyrics are charming and characteristic. Liszt warmly praised *La Chambre des Enfants,* one of his most popular compositions. Moussorgsky would not study the elements of orchestration, and one of the penalties he paid was that Rimski-Korsakoff "edited" *Boris Godounow* (in 1896 a new edition appeared with changes, purely practical, as Calvocoressi notes, but the orchestration,

clumsy as it is, largely remains the work of the composer) and *La Khovanchtchina* was scored by his friend, Rimski-Korsakoff, and no doubt "edited," that is, revised, what picture experts call "restored." So the musical baggage which is carried by Moussorgsky down the corridor of time is not large. But it is significant.

He was much influenced by Dargomyjski, particularly in the matter of realism. "I insist that the tone will directly translate the word," was an axiom of this musician. His friend and follower often carries this precept to the point of caricature. There are numerous songs which end in mere mimicry, parody, a pantomime of tone. The realism so much emphasized by the critic Stassow and others is really an enormous sincerity, and the reduction to an almost bare simplicity of the musical idea. His vigorous rhythmic sense enabled Moussorgsky to express bizarre motions and unusual situations that are at first blush extra-musical. Many of his "reforms" are not reforms at all, rather the outcome of his passion for simplification. The framework of his opera—*Boris Godounow*—is rather commonplace, a plethora of choral numbers the most marked feature. In the original draft there was an absence of the feminine element, but after much pressure the composer was persuaded to weave several scenes into the general texture, and let it be said that these are the weakest in the work. The primal power of the composition carries us away, not its form, which to tell the truth is rather old-fashioned.

His stubbornness is both a failure and a virtue. His sincerity covers a multitude of ineptitudes, but it is a splendid sincerity. His preference for unrelated tones in his melodic scheme led to the dissociated harmonies of his operatic score, and this same *Boris Godounow* has much influenced French music, a source at which Claude Debussy drank—not to mention Dukas, Ravel and others—whose more sophisticated scores prove this. Of Moussorgsky, Debussy has remarked that he reminded him of a curious savage who at every step traced by his emotions discovers music. And *Boris Godounow* is virgin soil. That is why I have called its creator a Primitive. He has achieved the naïve attitude towards music that in the plastic

arts is the very essence of the Flemish Primitives. Nature made him deaf to other men's music. In his savage craving for absolute originality—the most impossible of all "absolutes"—he sought to abstract from the art its chief components. He would have it in its naked innocence: rhythmic, undefiled by customary treatment, and never swerving from the "truth" of the poem. His devotion to the verbal text and dramatic action out-Wagners Wagner. Moussorgsky did not approve of Wagner's gigantic orchestral apparatus; he wished to avoid all that would distract the spectator from the stage—for him Wagner was too much the "symphonist," not enough the dramatist! Action, above all, no thematic development in the academic sense, were the Russian's watchwords. Paul Cézanne is a Primitive among modern painters, inasmuch as he discards the flamboyant rhetoric and familiar *points d'appui* of the schools and achieves a certain naïveté. The efforts of Moussorgsky were analogous. He employed leading motives charily, and as he disliked intricate polyphony his music moves in massive blocks, following the semi-detached tableaux of the opera.

But a man is never entirely the master of his genius, his interior dæmon, and while Moussorgsky fought the stars in their courses, he nevertheless poured out upon paper the richest colors and images, created human characters and glorified the "people." He "went to the people," to the folk-melody, and in Poushkin he found the historical story of Czar Boris, neuropathic, criminal and half crazy, which he manipulated to serve his purpose. The chorus is the protagonist, despite the stirring dramatic scenes allotted to Boris. After all, the "people," that mystic quantity in Russian art, must have a spokesman. Notwithstanding this every tune to be found in Pratsch's Russian anthology, and utilized by the new men, was composed by a single man. Art is never democratic, but it is all the stronger when it incarnates the woes and joys of the people—not quite the same thing as being composed by the "people." The tree is rooted in the soil but the tree stands alone in the forest. The Moujik dominates the stage, even after the generous lopping from the partition of some of the choruses.

The feeling for comedy which is to be found in many of

the songs is not missing in the stage work. Moussorgsky loved Gogol, set his *Le Mariage* to music (only one act) and savored the salty humor of the great writer. But the composer has his tragic side, and therein he reminds me of Dostoievsky—both men died during the same year—who but Dostoievsky, if he had been a composer, could have written the malediction scene in Boris? As a matter of fact he did write a play on the same historical subject, but it has disappeared. There are many other contacts with Dostoievsky—intense Slavophilism, adoration of Russia; its very soil is sacred; carelessness as to the externals of their art—a Chinese asymmetry is present in their architecture and architectonic; they both excel in portraying humor, broad, vulgar, uproarious, outrageous, reckless humor; and also in exposing the profundities of the Russian soul, especially the soul racked by evil and morbid thoughts. Dostoievsky wrote: "The soul of another is a dark place, and the Russian soul is a dark place. . . ." The obsession of the abnormal is marked in novelist and composer. They are revolutionists, but in the heaven of the insurgent there are many mansions. Beethoven—a letter to Zmeskell—wrote: "Might is the morality of men who distinguish themselves above others. It is my morality, anyhow." Dostoievsky and Moussorgsky were not unlike temperamentally. Dostoievsky always repented in haste only to sin again at leisure; with Moussorgsky it was the same. Both men suffered from some sort of moral lesion. Dostoievsky was an epileptic and the nature of Moussorgsky's "mysterious nervous ailment" is unknown to me; possibly it was a mild or masked epilepsy. Moussorgsky was said to have been a heavy drinker,—his biographer speaks of him as being "ravaged by alcohol"—a failing not rare in Russia. The "inspissated gloom" of his work, its tenebrous gulfs and musical vertigoes are true indices of his morbid pathology. He was of a pious nature, as was Dostoievsky; but he might have subscribed to the truth of Remy de Gourmont's epigram: "Religion est l'hôpital de l'amour." Love, however, does not play a major rôle in his life or art, yet it permeates both, in a sultry, sensual manner.

Boris Godounow was successfully produced January 24,

1874, at the St. Petersburg Opera with a satisfactory cast. At once its native power was felt and its appalling *longueurs,* technical crudities and minor shortcomings were recognized as the inevitable slag in the profusion of rich ore. A Russian opera, more Russian than Glinka! It was the "High Noon," as Nietzsche would say, of the composer—the latter part of whose career was clouded by a morose pessimism and disease. There is much ugly music, but it is always characteristic. Despite the ecclesiastical modes and rare harmonic progressions the score is Muscovite, not oriental—the latter element is a stumbling block in the development of so many Russian composers. The melancholy is Russian, the tunes are Russian, and the inn-scene, apart from the difference of historical periods, is as Russian as Gogol. No opera ever penned is less "literary," less "operatic" or more national than this one.

Rimski-Korsakoff, who died only a few years ago, was the junior of Moussorgsky (born 1844), and proved during the latter's life time, and after his death, an unshaken friendship. The pair dwelt together for some time and criticised each other's work. If Balikirew laid the foundation of Moussorgsky's musical education (in composition, not piano-playing) Rimski-Korsakoff completed it; as far as he could. The musical gift of the latter was more lyrical than any of his fellow-students' at Balakirew's. Without having a novel "message," he developed as a master-painter in orchestration. He belongs in the category of composers who are more prolific in the coining of images than the creation of ideas. He "played the sedulous ape" to Berlioz and it was natural, with his fanciful imagination and full-blooded temperament, that his themes are clothed in shining orchestration, that his formal sense would work to happier ends within the elastic form of the Liszt symphonic poem. He wrote symphonies and a "symphoniette" on Russian themes, but his genius is best displayed in freer forms. His third symphony redolent of Haydn, with a delightful scherzo, his fugues, quartet, ballets, operas—he composed fifteen, some of which are still popular in Russia—prove him a past master in his technical medium; but the real engaging and fantastic personality of the man evaporates in his academic work.

He is at his top-notch in *Sadko,* with its depiction of a calm and stormy sea; in *Antar,* with its evocation of vast, immemorial deserts; in *Scheherazade,* and its background of Bagdad and the fascinating atmosphere of the *Arabian Nights.*

The initial Sunday in December 1878 at Paris was a memorable afternoon for me. I heard for the first time the music of Rimski-Korsakoff, also the name of Modeste Moussorgsky. The symphonic poem, *Sadko,* was hissed and applauded at a Pasdeloup concert in the Cirque d'Hiver, for the new music created, on the whole, a disturbing impression. To quiet the rioting in the audience—it came to shouts and fisticuffs—the conductor, Jacques Pasdeloup (whose real name was Jacob Wolfgang) played Weber's *Invitation to the Valse,* arranged by Berlioz, which tribute to a national composer—neglected when alive, glorified after death—put the huge gathering of musical " chauvinistes " into better humor. Sitting next to me and rather amused, I fancy, because of my enthusiasm for *Sadko,* was a young Russian, a student at the Sorbonne. He liked Rimski-Korsakoff and understood the new music better than I, and explained to me that *Sadko* was too French, too much Berlioz, not enough Tartar. I didn't, at the time, take all this in, nor did I place much credence in his declaration that Russia had a young man living in St. Petersburg, its greatest composer, a truly national one, as national as *Taras Boulba,* or *Dead Souls.* Moussorgsky was his name, and despite his impoverished circumstances, or probably because of them, he was burning the candle at both ends and in the middle. He had finished his masterpieces before 1878. I was not particularly impressed and I never saw the Russian student again though I often went to the Sorbonne. I was therefore interested in 1896 when Pierre d'Alheim's monograph appeared and I recalled the name of Moussorgsky, but it was only several seasons ago and at Paris I heard for the first time both his operas.

In 1889 Rimski-Korsakoff directed two concerts of Russian music at the Trocadero and Paris fell in love with his compositions. He not only orchestrated the last opera of his friend Moussorgsky, but also Dargomyjski's *The Stone Guest,* and with the assistance of his pupil, Glazounow, completed the score

of *Prince Igor,* by Borodine. He was an indefatigable workman, and his fame will endure because of "handling" of gorgeous orchestral tints. He is an impressionist, a stylist, the reverse of Moussorgsky, and he has the "conscience of the ear" which his friend lacked. Praised by Liszt, admired by von Bülow, he revealed the influence of the Hungarian. Profound psychologist he was not; an innovator like Moussorgsky he never would have been; the tragic eloquence vouchsafed Tschaikovsky was denied him. But he wielded a brush of incomparable richness, he spun the most evanescent and iridescent web, previous to the arrival of Debussy: he is the Berlioz of Russia, as Moussorgsky is its greatest nationalist in tone.

I make this discursion because, for a period, the paths of the two composers were parallel. Tschaikovsky did not admire Moussorgsky, spoke slightingly of his abilities, though he conceded that with all his roughness he had power of a repellent order. Turgenev did not understand him. The opera *La Khovanchtchina,* notwithstanding the preponderance of the chorus—in Russia choral singing is the foundation of its musical culture—I found more "operatic" than *Boris Godounow.* The Old Believers become as much of a bore as the Anabaptists in Meyerbeer; the intrigue of the second plan not very vital; but as a composition it is more finished than its predecessor. The women are more attractive, the lyric elements better developed, but the sense of barbaric grandeur of *Boris* is not evoked; nor is its dark stream of cruelty present. Doubtless the belief that Modeste Moussorgsky is a precursor of much modern music is founded on the truth, and while his musical genius is not to be challenged, yet do I believe that he has been given too lofty a position in art. At the best his work is unachieved, truncated, a torso of what might have been a noble statue. But it will endure. It is difficult to conceive a time when, for Russia, *Boris Godounow* will cease to thrill.

CORRESPONDENCE

Arbitration and Peace Policies

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In your editorial on page 792 of the November issue of your magazine you say that Secretary Bryan "has made war practically impossible between this country and twenty-seven other nations." This, to me, seems to be a statement whose accuracy is very questionable, to say the least. The efficacy of a peace treaty is determined under the stress of an emergency. If it does not function then, it had better never have been negotiated. Is there much likelihood that the treaties which you so highly commend will be effective in times of real danger? Many "intelligent" men think not.

The most serious criticism of the treaties referred to is that in case of real danger they may prove a delusion and a snare, and at other times they are useless. That is, in case of an emergency circumstances may arise which will either compel us to break our word, as expressed in the treaties, or place us in a comparatively defenceless position. No one, not even Mr. Bryan, is more anxious to see universal and everlasting peace established than I am. This does not, however, make me blind to facts and possible dangers.

You will remember that a few years ago Congress considered our relations with Russia to be in an unsatisfactory condition, and without much deliberation abrogated a treaty with that country. Do you believe that our political morality has so improved under Mr. Bryan's tutelage that under a trifle more serious provocation a similar action will not be taken?

Are you ready to arbitrate the Monroe Doctrine? Are you ready to revoke the doctrine? Under Bryan's peace treaties we must be ready to do one or the other. If you are willing to arbitrate the Monroe Doctrine or any question that may involve that doctrine, do you believe that any international court of arbitration will hold that such a doctrine has a definite standing in international law? I am neither ready to arbitrate the doctrine nor to revoke it, for, as Mr. Rice says, this same Monroe Doctrine "has come to be as much a part of our national being as the constitution itself"; and also "there has been criticism of it among us, as there is always criticism of all politics; but we rejoice to-day to find a hemisphere at peace as one of its results."

Shall we give up the reality of peace secured by this national policy and strain after a promise?

Suppose Germany wins, and such a supposition is within the range of possibilities, and as a price of peace demands the cession of Jamaica or Nova Scotia from Great Britain. Shall we sit idly by and twiddle our

thumbs while Germany takes possession of the territory and fortifies it? She will be breaking no treaty whatsoever by demanding such compensation, and yet the Monroe Doctrine would be involved and our peace and safety endangered. Under Bryan's peace treaty, if Germany becomes a party to such a treaty, we can ask for a year's time to consider and investigate the matter. In the meantime Germany may proceed to fortify. To take possession of the spoils of war cannot be considered as a hostile act. If this should result, shall we tamely submit to have the future peace of this hemisphere threatened? Suppose she should raise no objection whatever to a year's postponement of actual possession. She can safely do this, for she will well know that no investigating commission or court of arbitration can do otherwise except decide that she is entirely within her right. We may thus be placed in a very uncomfortable position; either we should overrule the decision of the commission, or tamely submit. Without the treaty, it is very doubtful if Germany would be so rash as to try a conclusion at arms with the United States if we saw fit to uphold the doctrine. If we wished to acquiesce and let her take possession of territory in the western hemisphere, we could do so. In either case the decision would be ours and not forced upon us, and there would be no danger of us being placed in an uncomfortable position. Under Mr. Bryan's treaty we should either be forced to permit Germany to take possession of any territory she could secure from Great Britain, or we should break our word as pledged in the treaty. Neither alternative is to be courted.

Without any treaty stipulating the time that must elapse before a hostile act can be committed, we can propose to arbitrate any question we please. Machinery for arbitration and investigation is not lacking. It is not wisdom, but folly, to agree to settle every question that may come up in the future by a set formula. All the factors entering into every problem that may arise in the future are not known at present; and I as an American citizen object to having the interests of my country jeopardized by uncertain promises of security.

Then again, do you believe any international court of arbitration will ever decide that a province or colony has a right to secede? How can a subordinate state get a hearing in an international court? I can see no possibility of such a decision ever being made. And if that is true and one of Bryan's treaties had been in force between this country and Spain before the Spanish-American war, how could we have intervened without being guilty of a crime for which Germany is at present held up to the scorn of civilization? We tried diplomacy without success, and I do not believe that our intervention was in any sense discreditable. We could not have honorably intervened unless a joint investigating commission had ruled that Cuba had a right to be free.

Furthermore, would the Panama canal have been built if such a treaty had been in force between Colombia and this country prior to 1903? Per-

haps you consider Mr. Roosevelt's act in making possible the building of the canal to be reprehensible. If so, suppose you publicly propose that Panama be returned to Colombia and see how much support your proposition receives. And yet, if we stole Panama, that is the only honorable thing to do. I, for one, know that Mr. Roosevelt was the President of the United States and not of Colombia, and believe he would have been derelict in his duty if he had not protected the interests of the United States and the rest of the civilized world. I also believe that the late Secretary John Hay had fuller and more accurate information than Mr. Roosevelt's critics when he said: "The action of the President in the Panama matter is not only in the strictest accordance with the principles of justice and equity, but it was the only course he could have taken in compliance with our treaty rights and obligations." Under one of Bryan's treaties we should have been helpless unless we had been willing to risk the odium of breaking our word. It seems to me that editors are not guiltless of sometimes printing nonsense.

Your assumption that the country has escaped some grave calamity by Colonel Roosevelt's failure to occupy the White House again hardly rises to the dignity of nonsense, for it has all the earmarks of mere prejudice. Did Mr. Roosevelt involve this country in war with any foreign country during the seven years of his presidency, or did he in any shape or manner endanger our peace and friendship with any other nation? Is it not a fact that at the close of his Administration our relations with all foreign countries were much more satisfactory than they have been since? He established more amicable relations with Japan than either Mr. Bryan or President Wilson and under just as serious provocation. It is certainly an assumption of great foresight and wisdom to contend that our peace would have been endangered had Mr. Roosevelt again occupied the President's chair.

How do you know that peace with justice would not have been established in Mexico if some other policy had been followed besides the "watchful waiting" policy of President Wilson? Was it President Wilson's watchful waiting policy that has kept us out of war with Mexico, or was it the restraint of Huerta in not attacking our army in Vera Cruz? The capture of Vera Cruz was certainly an act of war.

Let President Wilson assume the same "watchful assistance" attitude toward some of the European belligerents that he did toward Huerta, and how long will war be delayed? I am very thankful that the watchful assistance, misnamed watchful waiting, policy has not involved us in war and am perfectly willing to give the President full credit. Peace does not as yet reign in that distracted country, and there is no evidence to show that a different and more consistent policy would not have established peace with justice.

MADISON, WISCONSIN C. M. JANSKY

Through Mohammedan Spectacles

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have read and re-read Mr. Achmed Abdullah's article, *Seen Through Mohammedan Spectacles,* in the October number of THE FORUM. I hesitated to express my opinions on such a bold article, until I had talked with some other Asiatics—a Chinese, a Persian and a Hindu friend of mine. We all agree that he reflects the spirit of Asia to-day, which is entirely different from Asia ten years ago. We must thank you for publishing such an extraordinary article. Personally speaking, it is *the* most truthful article I have read, since the Rt. Hon. Ameer Ali's *Anomalies of Christian Civilization* appeared in *The Nineteenth Century.* I have given several copies of Mr. Abdullah's article as Christmas presents to my American friends.

RAFIDIN AHMED

IOWA CITY

Marriage and Morality

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In the December issue of THE FORUM, I read with great interest the article by Mr. Henry Walker on *Feminism and Polygamy.* He made the statement that monogamy causes prostitution, and that the latter is a testimony that true monogamy cannot exist. May I analyze this remark in a different way?

We see about us the boy of eighteen and older who begins to tread the wrong path. He is a frequent visitor at saloons, pool-rooms and houses of shame, and, worse than all, he finds his companionship in boys of his own age and older who lead him on to perverse ways which frequently end in crime. Many and varied are the so-called solutions to this problem. Some advocate a religious training; others admonish the learned to educate the parents in the proper raising of the child; still others declaim against the wrong system in the public schools in not giving the child the proper moral training there. All very good, but how many boys of eighteen are playing in pool-rooms when their mothers are confident that they are getting instruction in church or Sunday School? How many are drinking in saloons with a crowd of boys, instead of visiting that sick friend? There's one evil.

Let us turn to a brighter side of life. Take the average boy who comes from respectable parents—respectable by name or by money. At the age of eighteen, he begins to go out with those of the opposite sex. In a year he will have taken out perhaps ten or fifteen different girls to theatres,

dances and the like. If he is conscientious, he says that he is spending this time to enjoy himself, and what is more important, to gain experience with different kinds of girls, so that, when his turn comes for making a final choice, he will not err. This period of learning generally endures from five to eight years. Meanwhile he has met Jean; she is a good cook. He knows Anne; she's a great dancer. He became acquainted with Carolyn; what a singer she is! He marries Jean. They go visiting, and then comes the thought: "Oh, if my wife could but dance like Anne or sing like Carolyn!" and so forth. Dissatisfaction with his wife sets in, because he has seen other virtues in different girls. There's another evil.

Now the best part of the vigor of manhood rests between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. In this period he is supposed to obtain the most pleasures from life. After that the decline begins. In the case of the young man who spends, say, from his eighteenth to his twenty-fourth year in getting his experience, he is actually wasting one-third of his allotted prime in finding out how to enjoy the rest of it. Is this waste necessary? Let us see.

I was once told that at Jewish weddings seven blessings are pronounced for the newly wed, among them being one as follows: "May your wedded life be as happy as that of Adam and Eve." I had often wondered just what that meant. May I be pardoned for giving this explanation? There was only one woman on earth then. Adam, willy nilly, had to be contented with her, and not knowing all other potential virtues or vices of woman, every act of Eve's must have appeared as a virtue to him, and he was perfectly satisfied. In other words, what we don't know about, we don't miss. So, therefore, if the young boy's acquaintanceship were limited to a very few girls, he would be contented with the one he marries.

To well-meaning boys, and as Mr. Walker made modifications, so do I limit my application, nothing appears so noble and inspiring as the thought of happy married life. They all look forward to it, but so innate is modern social consciousness that they dispel all immediate thoughts about it and think of it as some ideal that the dim future holds out for them. Until the proper day arrives, they must get experience,—yes, and that experience not only wastes away many of the years of the happiest part of their lives with superficial pleasures, but it brings them into such a relationship with the opposite sex that, in a way, they lose that finer sense of respect for girls, and, as I stated above, learn to become dissatisfied.

From all those points I enumerated above, I want to advance the theory of early marriage as a cure for prostitution and other vices, at least for that class of boys and girls who are physically and mentally fit, rather than the theory of polygamy as Mr. Walker expounded it. I realize that I am leaving out one of his strongest points; that is, the surplus of females. As far as that is concerned, perhaps polygamy is the solution to the question, but I take issue with him in his statement that it will do away with immorality.

It cannot, for the simple reason that if a man has two wives, he will want three, and more. Sexual appetite is not satisfied at a finite number. We well know that the lords of harems are continually striving to increase the number of women over whom they rule, and if you say that a man, having *one* wife, will seek sexual pleasures from other women, what is going to stop him from doing the same if he has two or a hundred? The laws of nature are too rigid in this case. But if a young man of eighteen or thereabouts marries before he gets a sufficient knowledge of women and their ways, he will not only be satisfied with his wife, for, as I pointed out, what we don't know of, we can't miss; but he will know nothing of the " pleasures " of bad women, of pool-rooms and saloons. He will never crave for these evils, because he will have no companions to initiate him, and although he loses the chance for finding a life friend in his youth, the loss is fully compensated by the realization of a *lasting* happy married life.

If I were asked to analyze love, I should say that it is two-fold; that is, first, *body love,* and second, *soul love.* The second is the most important by far; for only by it can man and woman live together for a long space of time, but the first is essential, for what man can love a girl who seems ugly or repulsive to him? I maintain that the second form can only be realized after marriage is consummated, and the first is only the impetus whereby the second is made possible. A couple cannot know what the true companionship of souls means before they are married, and when the common expression: " A boy and girl are in love with one another," is used, it only means a body love, or, as is the case more frequently, they are attracted, one to the other. Nothing else. And if a boy meets a girl, and is attracted to her, not because of looks, but because they have something in common, why should they not marry, and learn to love one another later on?

Of course I realize the economic difficulties. As far as the college boy, who is supported by his father, is concerned, the solution is simple, if the father can but realize the necessity for early marriage, and that the college boy is far from being the moral angel he is painted. If the girl is good, she will be willing to forgo all luxuries until her husband can support her; and what an impetus will the young man feel when he realizes that his is a double responsibility! With what a heart he will work to make himself free! And if an objection is raised to this means of support, pray tell me, how does the heir of a millionaire support his wife when he marries? The similarity is too obvious to need discussion. And as to the boy whose father cannot support him—well, let me reiterate Mr. Walker's statement —the State should assume responsibility in such cases. What a saving in penitentiary prisoners! Of course it is a wild dream, and many of the innate ideas of society must be thrown down before it can come to pass—but is it impossible or less feasible than the plan of Mr. Walker?

CINCINNATI JEBROW TUNIO

The Sermon on the Mount

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure that I comment on the novel idea and unique way in which THE FORUM publishes *The Sermon on the Mount* in the January number of 1915.

If we would study this piece of literature, which holds its own with the best we have to-day, and in such study take into consideration that the principles and lessons taught are based upon the viewpoint that lives thus lived will reveal the mastery of corruptible death, then we should have to admit that sympathy with war and its carnage would mean disbelief in immortality, or disbelief that the author proved the truth of the principles and lessons he taught, in a resurrection.

The masses to a large extent are influenced by ruling minds. When we have enough ruling minds the world over, to recognize as a means to an end the truths this *Sermon on the Mount* reveals, wars will cease for all time, while those truths, actually lived, will usher in a new era of human existence that this world has never seen or known.

ERNEST L. HARDENBERGH

MILWAUKEE

Feminism and Polygamy

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I should like to express to you my great appreciation of the admirable spirit in which THE FORUM is conducted and of my enjoyment of its suggestive, progressive and stimulating articles. I was, however, distressed to read the article entitled *Feminism and Polygamy* in the December number. I know you wish to give a free arena for discussion, but surely, just as there are articles which through lack of literary merit or other faults fail to reach the standard of your magazine, so there are some articles which you must discard on account of their ethical attitude. This article seems to me demoralizing as well as untrue; all the more so because written in so plausible and matter-of-fact a style. I hope you will pardon me for expressing my feeling to you thus frankly, for my very appreciation of your magazine makes me anxious that it should be an open arena for the highest and the best.

NORTHFIELD MARY L. BENTON

For the Consideration of the People

THE Old Year has gone, and few will be found poor enough in spirit to do it reverence. Rather, like the lifting of a nightmare, it has passed, not from remembrance, but from its evil incidence upon the hearts and hopes of mankind. It brought with it the great crime—which should have been impossible in these new days of a new spirit—that is generally known as the Great War: great in the magnitude of the nations and territories involved; great in the splendid courage and devotion of myriads of men and women; great, perhaps, in one sense, in the hideousness of its slaughter, in its contempt for human life and humane obligations: but incomparably paltry and despicable in its appeal from reason to resentment, from sanity to shrapnel, from Christianity and all that Christianity should stand for to barbarism, murder, mutilation, envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness. There has been no such year in the records of men. Let us turn, not with bitterness, but with hope and confidence, and with the determination to justify that hope and confidence, to the New Year, with its wonderful possibilities and definite demarcation of the irrevocable from the potential.

There is much to be done in this New Year. The fighting will go on, of course, and more hosts of men will become carrion and more women will see their lives ground to dust in the mills of militarism. But the recognition of realities that is daily becoming manifest will lead to results that may well seem strange to those who belong essentially to the dead generations: to those who have no faith in humanity, no vision of the new order that the unrest of our time anticipates and will bring to completion. Yet, little by little, even the most reactionary are learning the futility of relying upon discarded formulæ. The stupid assumption that preparation for war means immunity from war has been disproved as clearly as anyone outside a lunatic asylum can desire. What we must have, and will have, is *preparation for*

peace. A nation of a hundred millions does not need to think in terms of militarism and bluster. It needs only to establish its utter sincerity and to go its own way, giving and seeking no provocation.

For wars, and the men who live by wars and for wars, have come to their final condemnation—even while the greater part of the world is fighting or preparing to fight. International homicide is a ghastly game, and the price to be paid for it is altogether too high. Before the issue is decided in this case, the conflicting nations will lose perhaps half of their effective manhood; and lose it, not for the establishment of any new freedom or new order that could not have been devised by five men at a round table, but because the militarists who have led their countries into ruinous hostilities have been insensate in their folly.

There must be no more blind leaders of the blind. Civilized nations must take their destinies into their own hands: their worst blunders in the pursuit of even chimerical ideals could not be more disastrous than the sanguinary achievements of the apostles of brute force. Let us put away childish things, and rise to higher heights. For one tithe of the cost of the Great War, ordinary crime could have been minimized, unemployment almost eliminated, and the more pressing problems of civilization permanently solved. The selfishness that calls itself patriotism, the vainglory that masquerades as nationalism, the craving for aggrandisement at the expense of others—how tawdry and contemptible they seem when viewed in the light of common sense and a common humanity! They go well with the peacock garishness of military trappings, with plumes and helmets and the absurd panoply of the twentieth century savage. But they do not belong to the too-patient people of our day and the conditions of our day. The murdered babies of Belgium are the true index of the glory of war.

When will the people of the world demand peace and prohibit further murder? Do they not even yet realize that the responsibility lies with them—as the burden of payment in full will lie for many a decade upon them and upon their children!

Half a Million

THE estimate that there are half a million suffering through unemployment in New York alone is probably exaggerated: but there is no doubt that the conditions are grave and that the distress this winter must be abnormal.

Some time ago, it was suggested in THE FORUM that the United States should set a memorable example by allocating for purposes of peace a thousand million dollars, as she has escaped the necessity of spending a vastly larger sum for such butchery as Europe is now engaged in. We might well have made such an effort, for once in the history of the world. The expenditure would have been productive and of permanent benefit; the moral effect would have been enormous; and the apparent sacrifices demanded would have been almost insignificant in comparison with the crippling exactions of war. But there is presumably a glamour about war credits that cannot be detected in other appropriations. We refuse to make any strenuous attempt to fight disease and poverty, though a unanimous House would have voted billions for the decimation of the nation, the razing of cities, and the paralysis or semi-paralysis of civilized life. But the bugles and the drums must have precedence, and no really great effort can be made, it seems, except for purposes of destruction.

Our contribution to Belgium has brought forward fine personal earnestness, coöperation and generosity: but we could have done larger things, for ourselves and the whole world. In the meantime, the bread lines conserve the principle of charity at home.

Mr. Osborne's Experiment

IT is always easy to find people who are eager to sneer at any effort to change noxious conditions, and Mr. Osborne's new *régime* at Sing Sing has been subjected to the usual banal remarks. A criminal, we are told, is a special type of creature which has forfeited all claims to rational consideration and treatment: its most appropriate location is in insanitary cells and

unwholesome prison workshops; its manifest destiny is perpetual repression; and when it is reluctantly released from its penal servitude, its speedy return is confidently foretold.

Society, which deliberately manufactures its criminals and outcasts, can well afford to spend a little time and labor in the effort to turn into profitable human material these by-products of civilization. Mr. Osborne's methods may not prove completely successful: but they can be developed and changed, if necessary. Even convicts cannot be considered unduly pampered if they receive treatment almost as good as that accorded to the wild beasts in our zoölogical exhibitions.

Public Opinion

"THE ideal before us is clear enough—the abolition of all war, the establishment of permanent and universal peace."—*F. Herbert Stead.*

"The one clear testimony of the plight of Europe is that preparation for war breeds war."—*The Bellman.*

"People with an aroused social conscience object to war not merely because it brings with it so much agony and brutality, but because it diverts to essentially wasteful purposes the product of so much good human labor."—*The New Republic.*

"A greater and a more powerful force than any military array . . . is the outraged opinion of an enlightened world."—*Mr. Disraeli (in 1870).*

"Its waste in blood, its waste in human protoplasm, its incalculable waste before their time of whole generations of unborn sons of heroic sires—that waste, unreckoned and prodigal, can never be gathered up again. The weaklings survive, the cowards escape, the physically unfit are not called, the morally uncourageous are left to breed after their kind for the next generation."—*Dr. J. A. Macdonald.*

"Armaments which have stolen the money that might have been used to elevate and improve mankind are a colossal failure, as we who believe in peace have always known."—*Professor William Lyon Phelps.*

"Preparation is being made for friendly union among the nations of Europe, and ultimately for that federation of the

world to which prophets have been long looking forward."—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

Street Cleaning

NEW YORK is still waiting for some approximation to decency in its so-called street-cleaning methods. The intentions of the Commissioner are no doubt excellent, but the improvements that he has promised have been delayed altogether too long. There are serious difficulties to be overcome, of course; but the Department exists for the purpose of overcoming difficulties. It should have been quite possible by this time to replace the abominable open carts by closed motor conveyances effectively designed. Promises that a commencement will be made sooner or later are not very consoling when day by day refuse is scattered to all the winds of heaven. A man of stronger calibre than the present Commissioner is needed if the Department is not to be wholly discredited.

The System

COMMISSIONER WOODS was probably grateful for the advice recently tendered to him to run his Department in accordance with the views of certain sections of the force, or take the consequences. Without any noticeable hesitation, he has taken the consequences, which do not seem to have been alarming. He will have the full support of the press and the public, and of the self-respecting members of the police, in his determination not to tolerate veiled or open insubordination. The force exists for the benefit of the city, and though the System would gladly resume control and restore the golden days of its benign supremacy, it will find that it has to contend with a different temper and with different men and methods.

The Wisdom of Men

BELGIUM, Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, Servia, Portugal, Japan and Turkey are at war: Italy, Roumania and Greece are expected to take part shortly.

"The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing."—*Isaiah.*